

# PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

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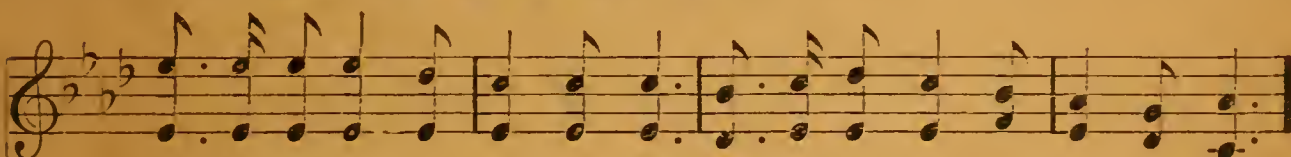
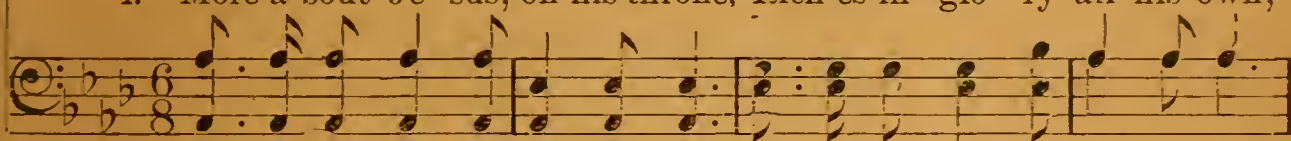
## 1 MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

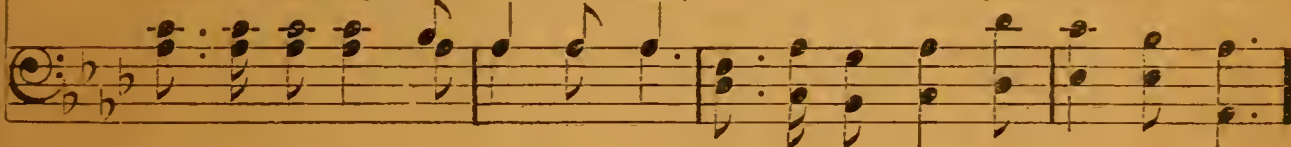
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all his own;



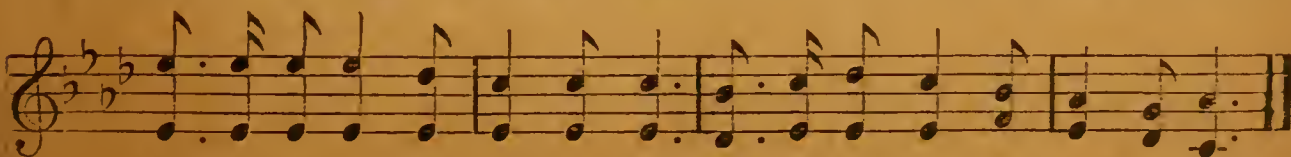
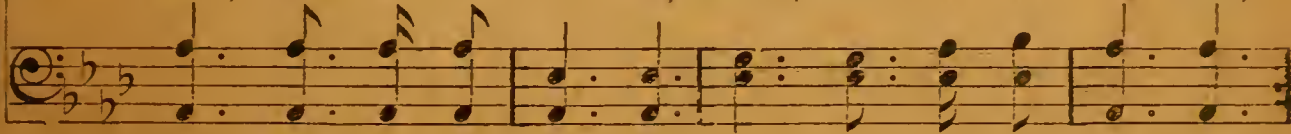
More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.  
Hear - ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



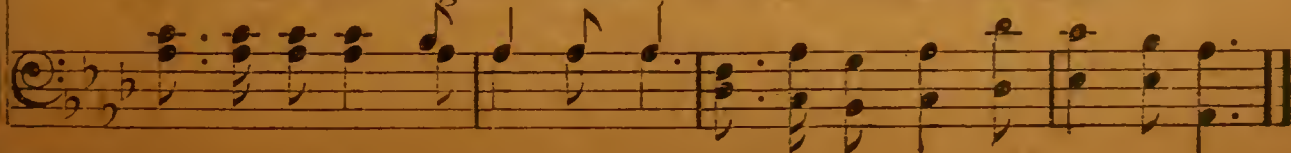
### REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.



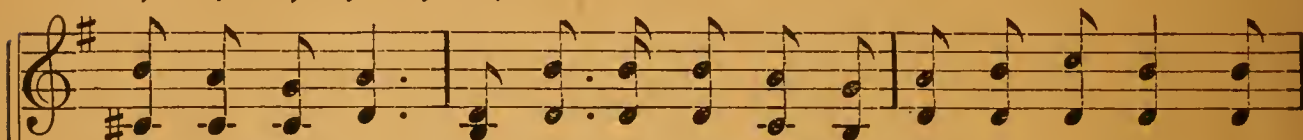
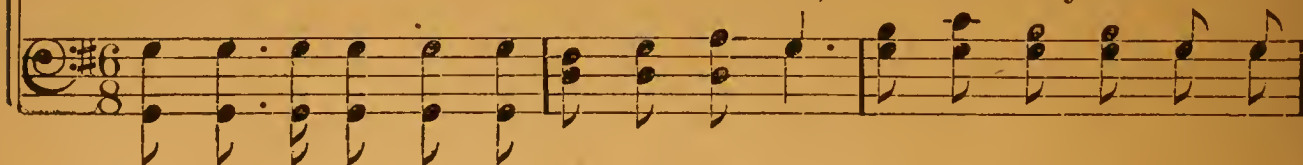
*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

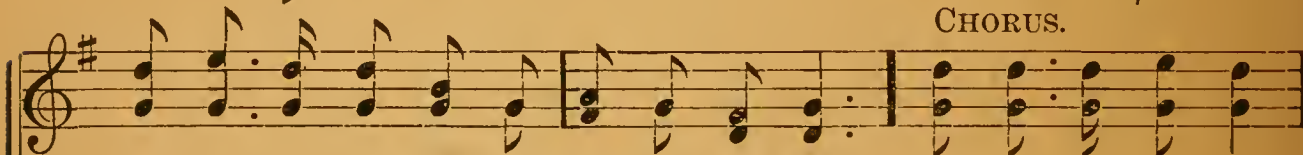
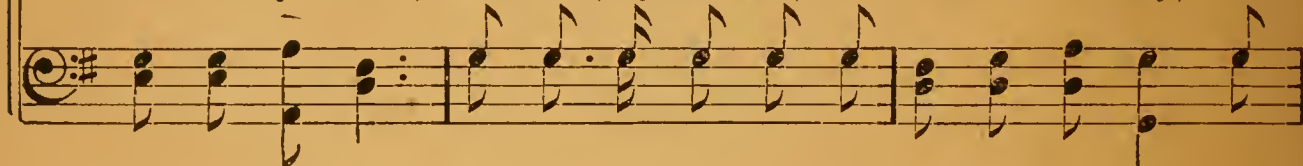
E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -



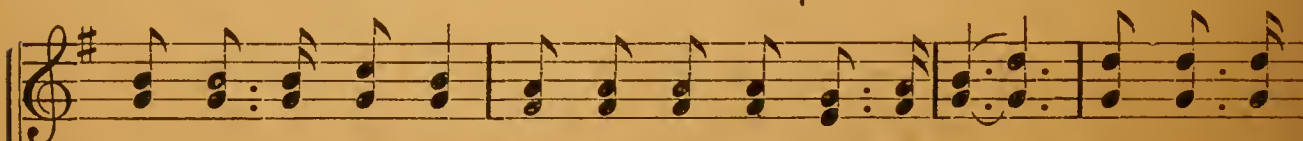
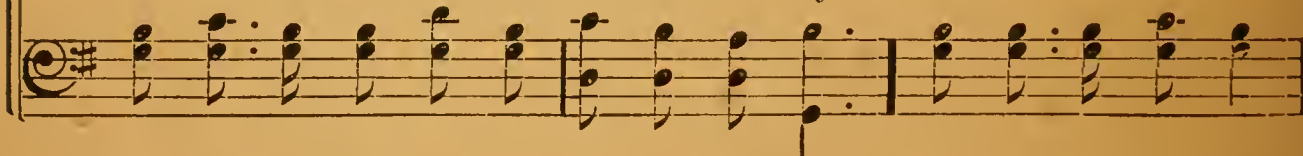
some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To  
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And  
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will  
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



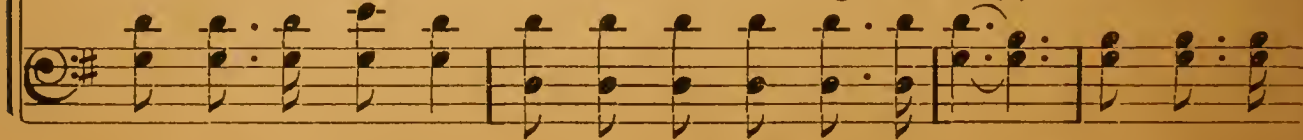
CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?  
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!  
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.  
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

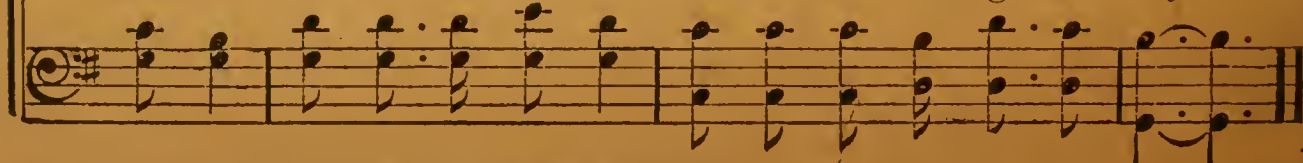
Throw out the Life-Line!



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the



Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.





## THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,  
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -  
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by his pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

FINE.  
 "make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."  
 wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

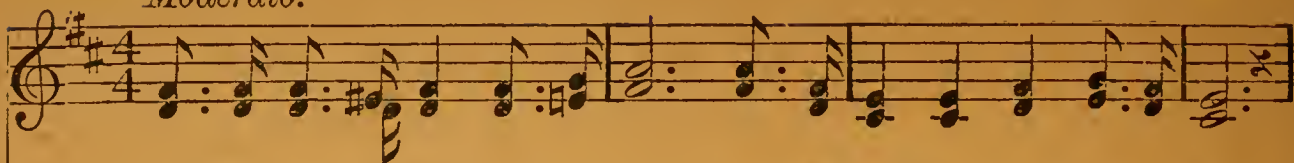
D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

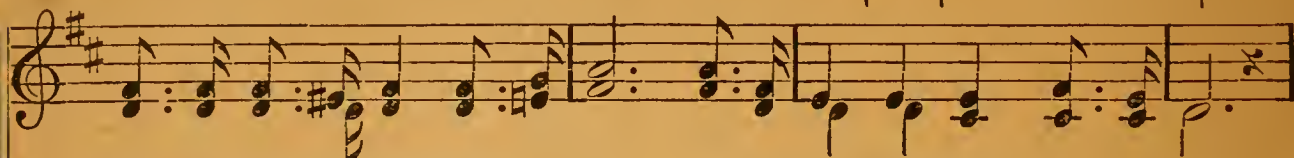
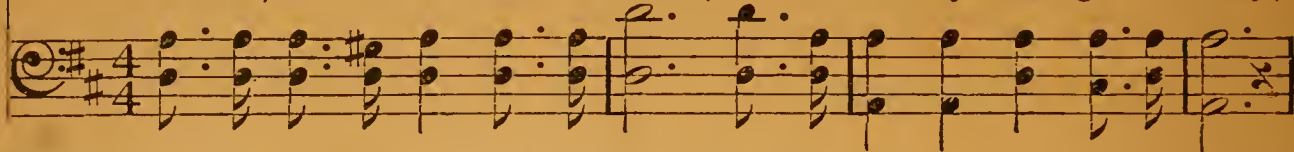
E. R. LATTÄ.

*Moderato.*

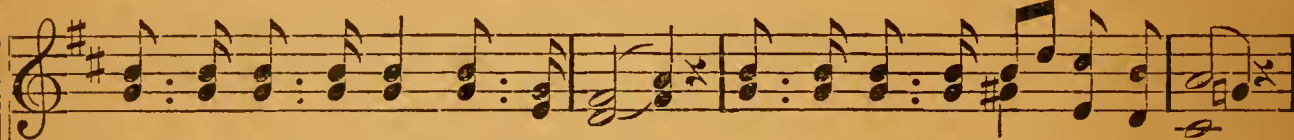
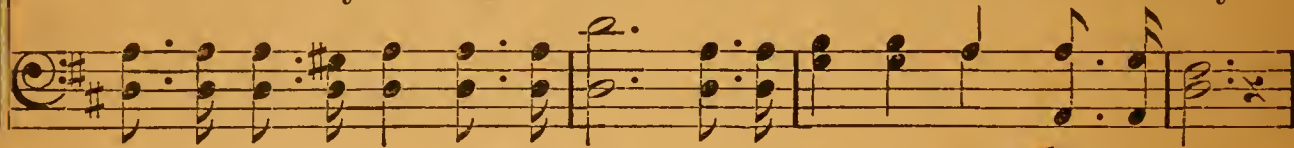
H. S. PERKINS.



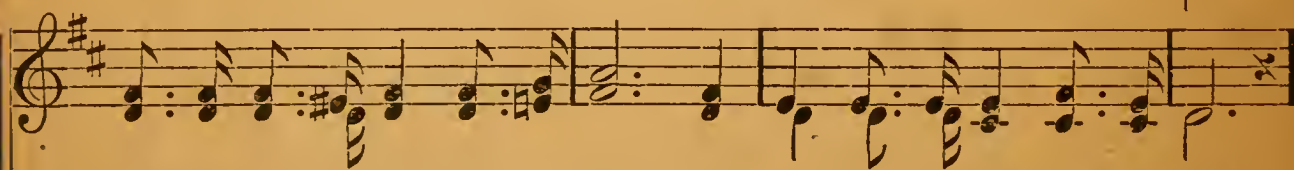
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin - ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a-stray;



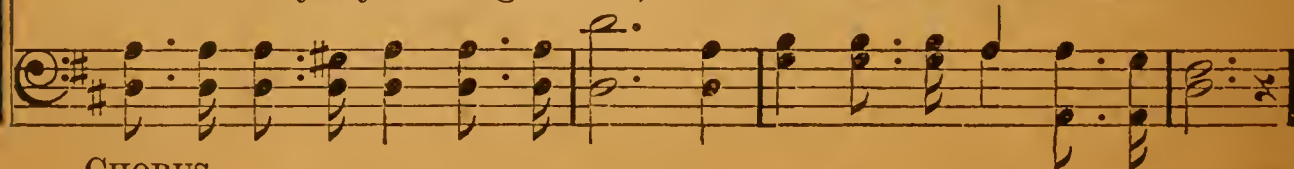
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by his stripes we are healed.  
 Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suffered thus not in vain.  
 Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.



Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,  
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;  
 Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;

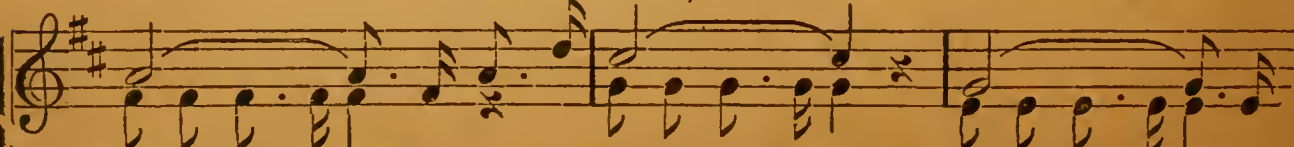


Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
 Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
 Cleanse me by thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

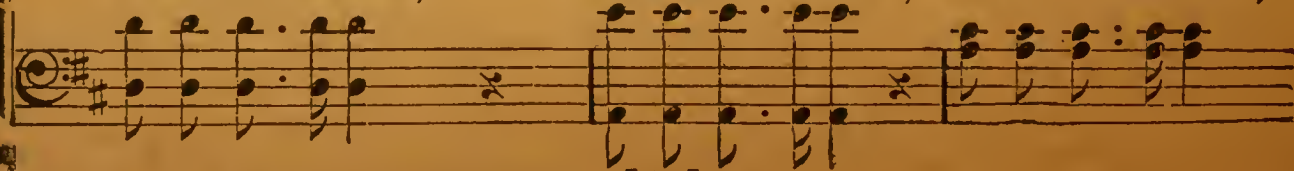


## CHORUS.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, . . . . . Whit - - - - er



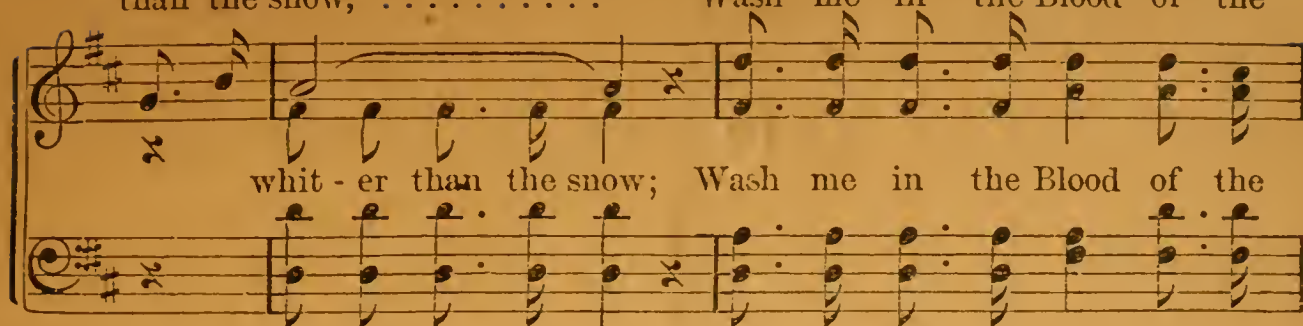
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,



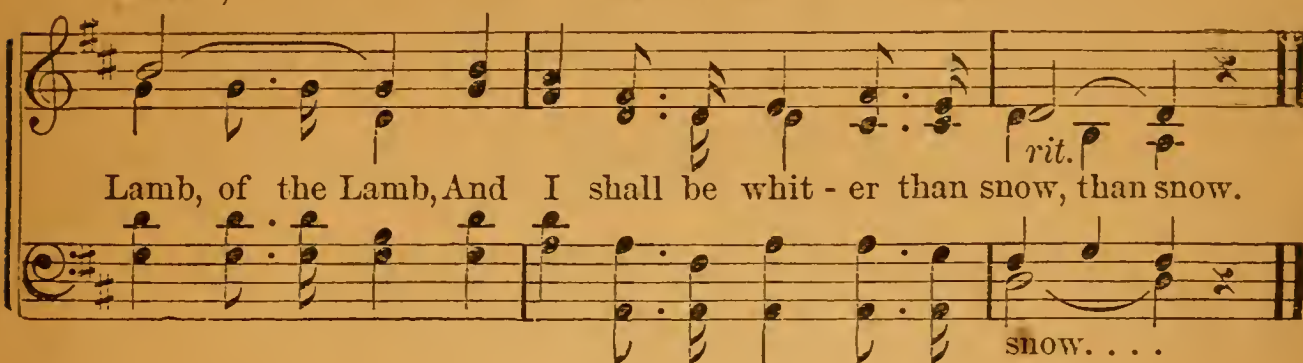


# BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN! Concluded.

than the snow, . . . . . Wash me in the Blood of the



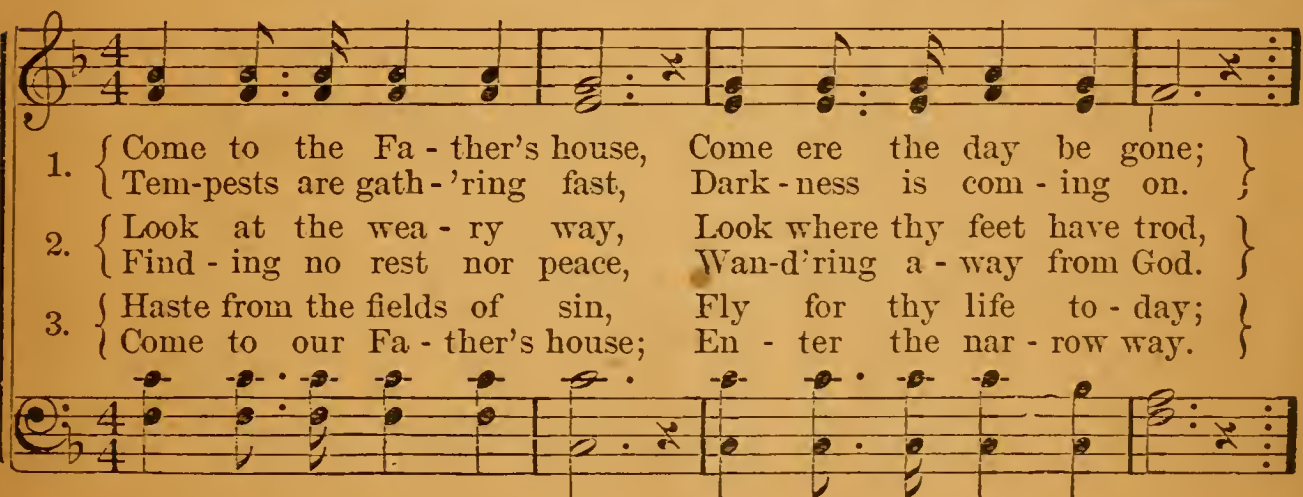
Lamb, . . . . . And I shall be whit - er than snow. . . . .



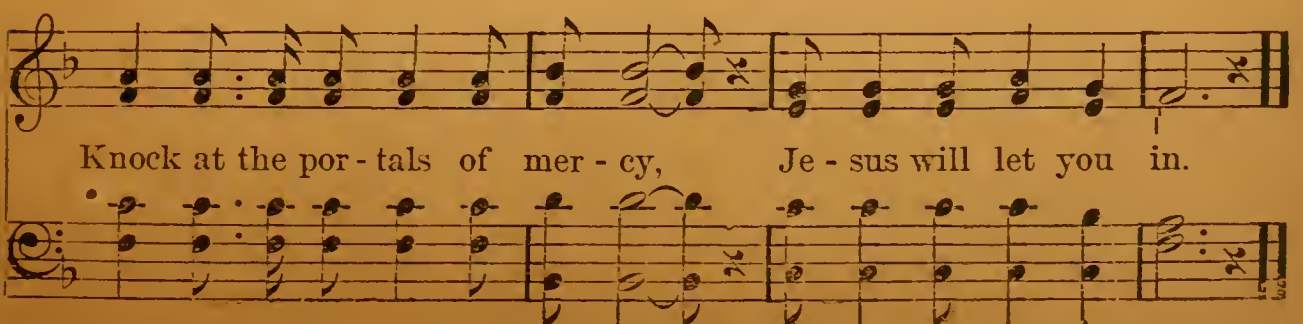
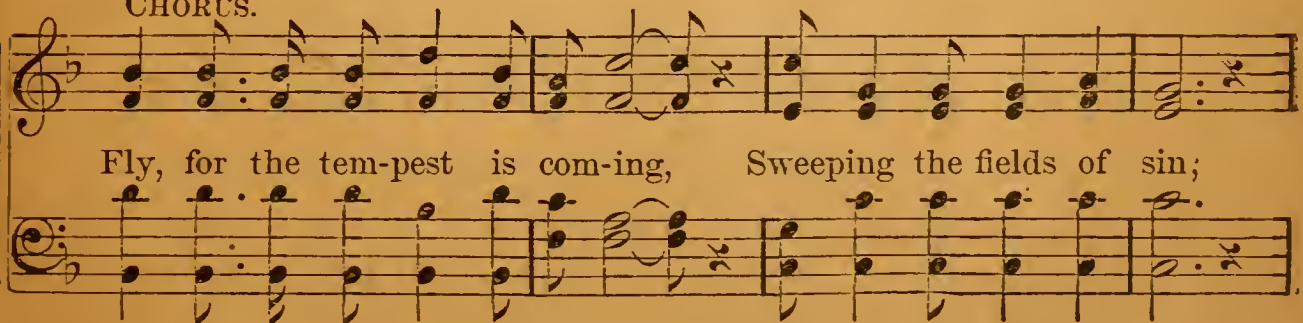
## 7 JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER.



### CHORUS.



## KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.

*A rallying song of the Society of Christian Endeavor.*

Rev. RICHARD OSBORNE.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Keep the banner flying! This your cry should be; Ma - ny souls are dy-ing,  
 2. Keep the banner flying! When the faithful fall, Give not up to sighing,  
 3. Keep the banner flying! Christians should a-gree, With each oth - er vy-ing,  
 4. Keep the banner flying O - ver land and sea; By yourself de-ny-ing

Je - sus must they see. Un - der condem-nation, Life will soon be gone;  
 Christ is All in all. Ral - ly all your forces; See, the Captain's near;  
 Yet in har-mo - ny; Working still for Je-sus, Righting human wrong,  
 Comes the vic-to - ry. Bright-en toil with singing, Better days will come;

CHORUS.

On-ly is sal-va-tion In the sin-less One.  
 Trust to his re-sourc-es, There is naught to fear.  
 Till the angels greet us With their welcome song.  
 To the Savior clinging, You shall rest at home.

} Shout, shout the battle cry,

Girt with endeavor; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for-ev-er. Shout, shout the

Rit.

bat-tle cry, Girt with endeavor; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for-ev-er.

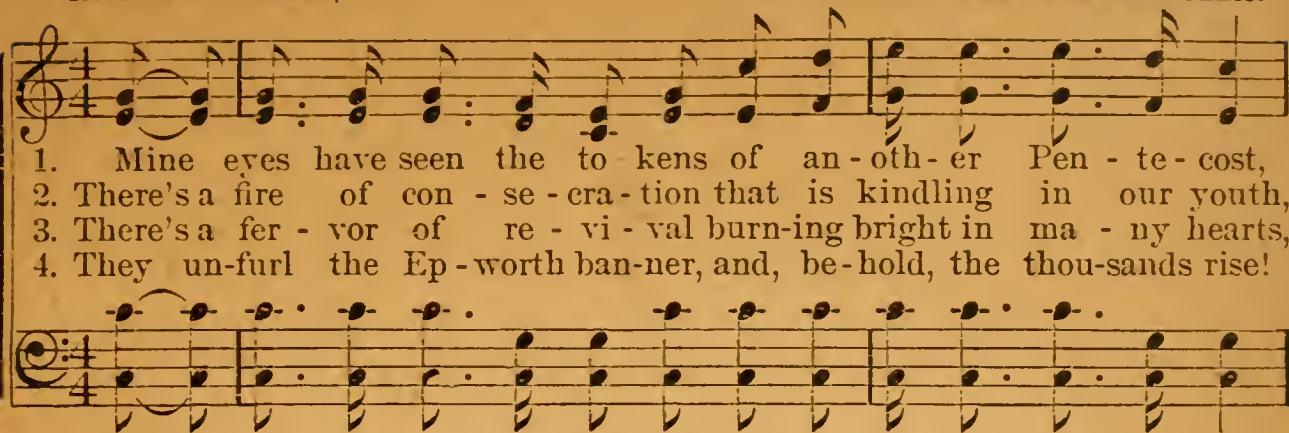


## LOOK UP, LIFT UP.

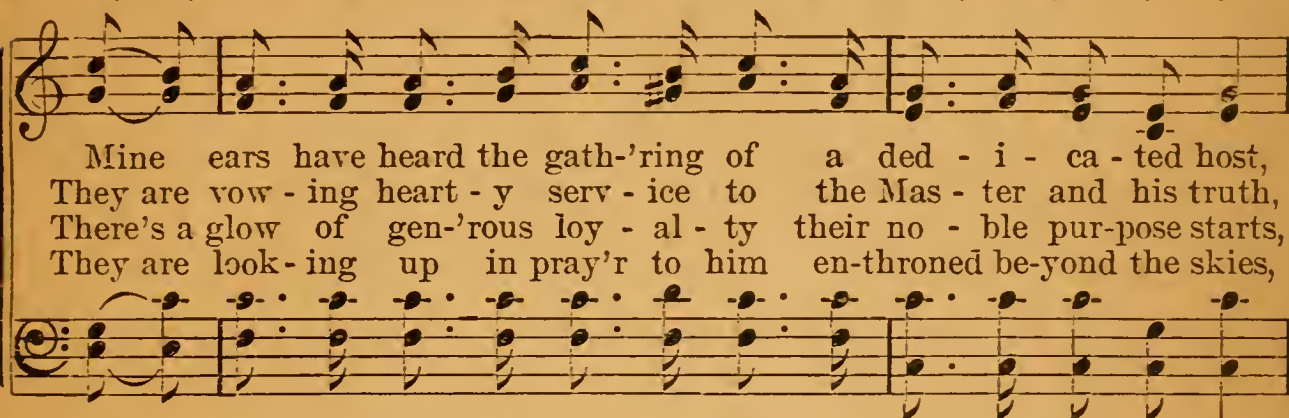
*The Battle Hymn of the Epworth League.*

REV. LEVI GILBERT, D. D.

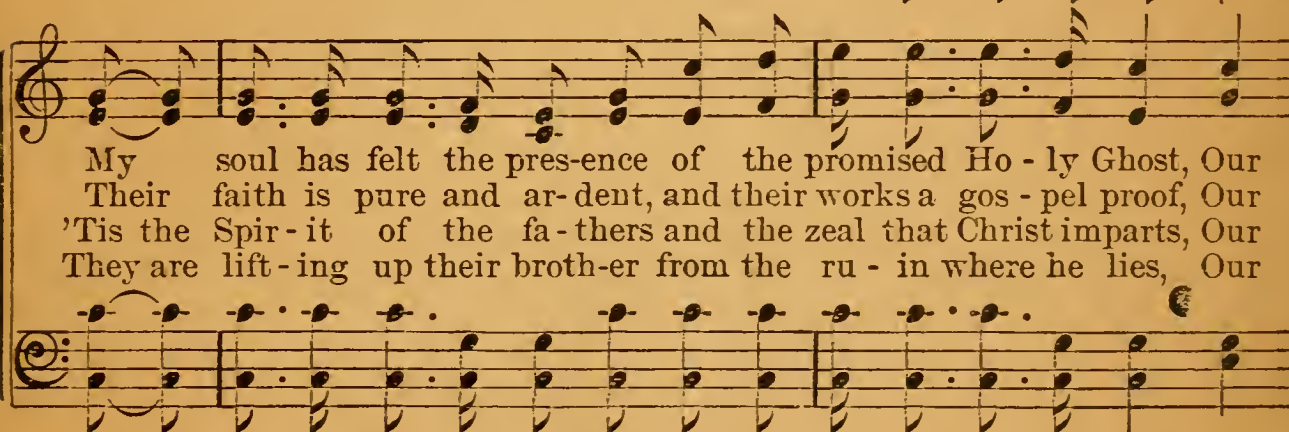
Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.



1. Mine eyes have seen the to - kens of an - oth - er Pen - te - cost,  
 2. There's a fire of con - se - cra - tion that is kindling in our youth,  
 3. There's a fer - vor of re - vi - val burn - ing bright in ma - ny hearts,  
 4. They un - furl the Ep - worth ban - ner, and, be - hold, the thou - sands rise!

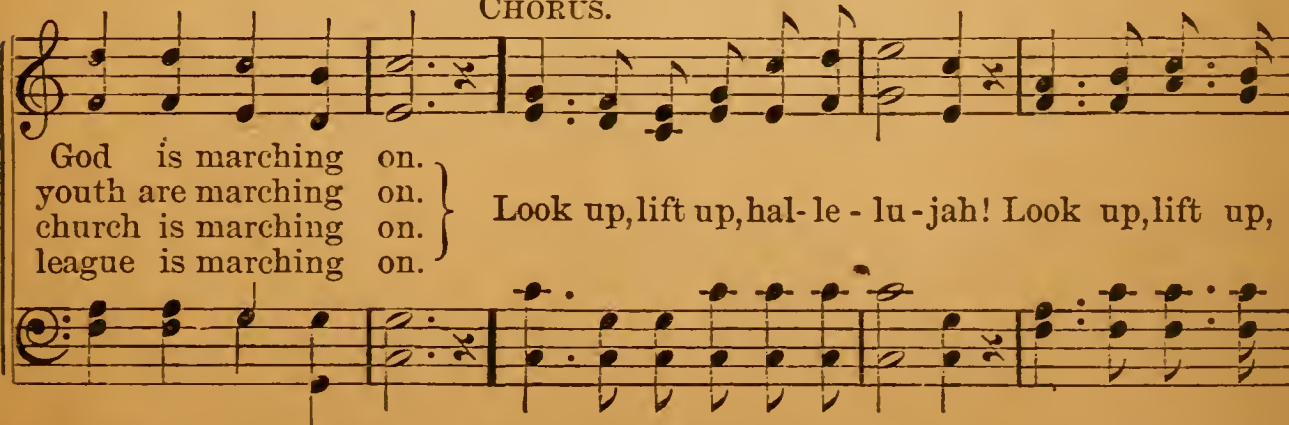


Mine ears have heard the gath - ring of a ded - i - ca - ted host,  
 They are vow - ing heart - y serv - ice to the Mas - ter and his truth,  
 There's a glow of gen - erous loy - al - ty their no - ble pur - pose starts,  
 They are look - ing up in pray'r to him en - throned be - yond the skies,



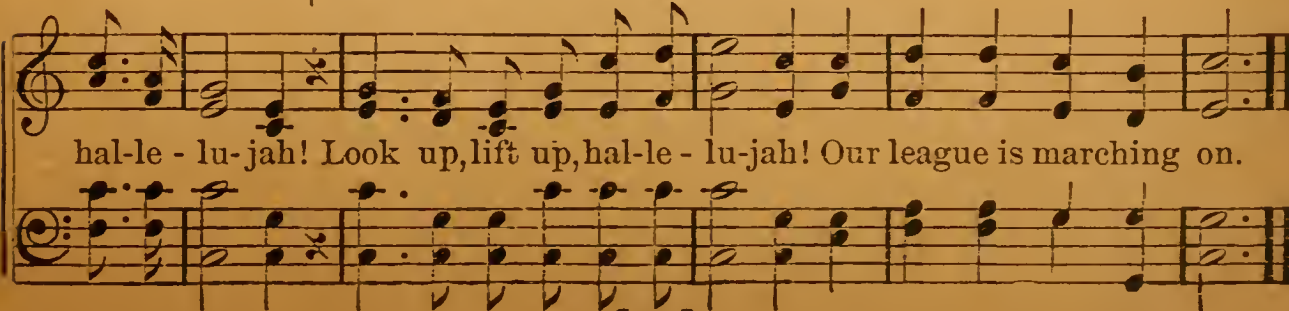
My soul has felt the pres - ence of the promised Ho - ly Ghost, Our  
 Their faith is pure and ar - dent, and their works a gos - pel proof, Our  
 'Tis the Spir - it of the fa - thers and the zeal that Christ imparts, Our  
 They are lift - ing up their broth - er from the ru - in where he lies, Our

## CHORUS.



God is marching on.  
 youth are marching on.  
 church is marching on.  
 league is marching on.

Look up, lift up, hal - le - lu - jah! Look up, lift up,



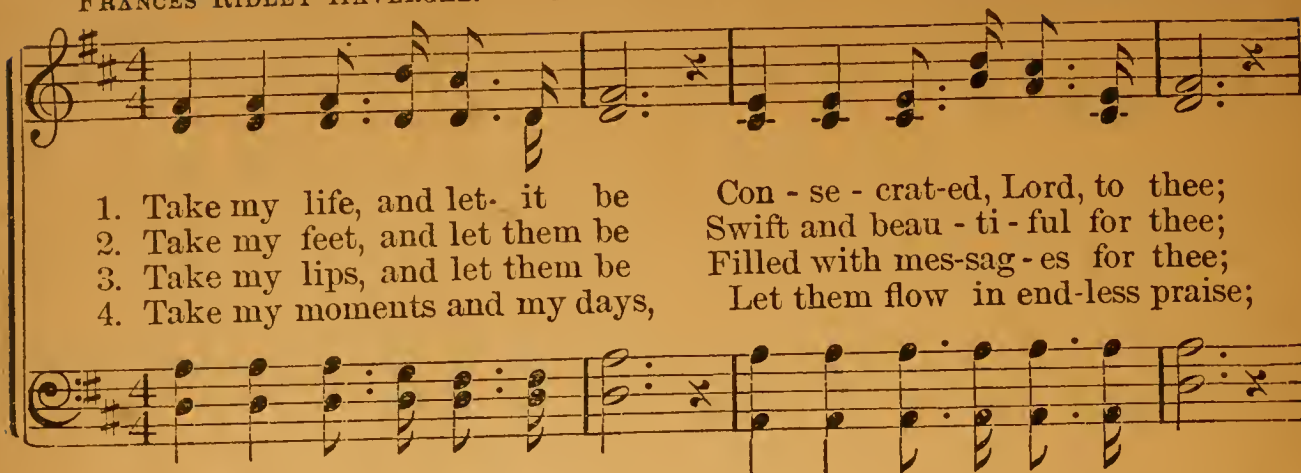
hal - le - lu - jah! Look up, lift up, hal - le - lu - jah! Our league is marching on.

## ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

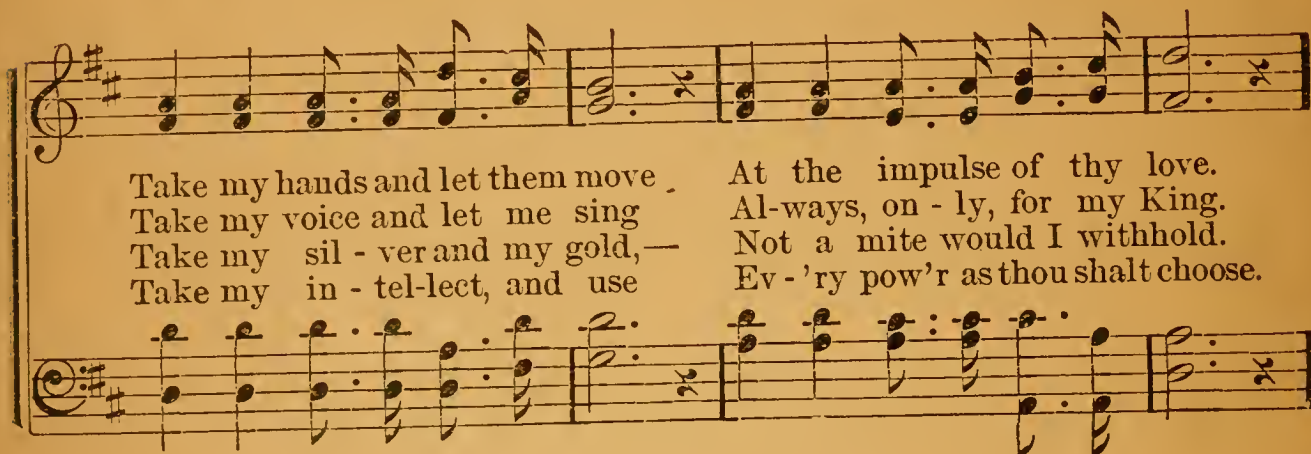
CHORUS BY W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take my life, and let it be  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be  
 4. Take my moments and my days,

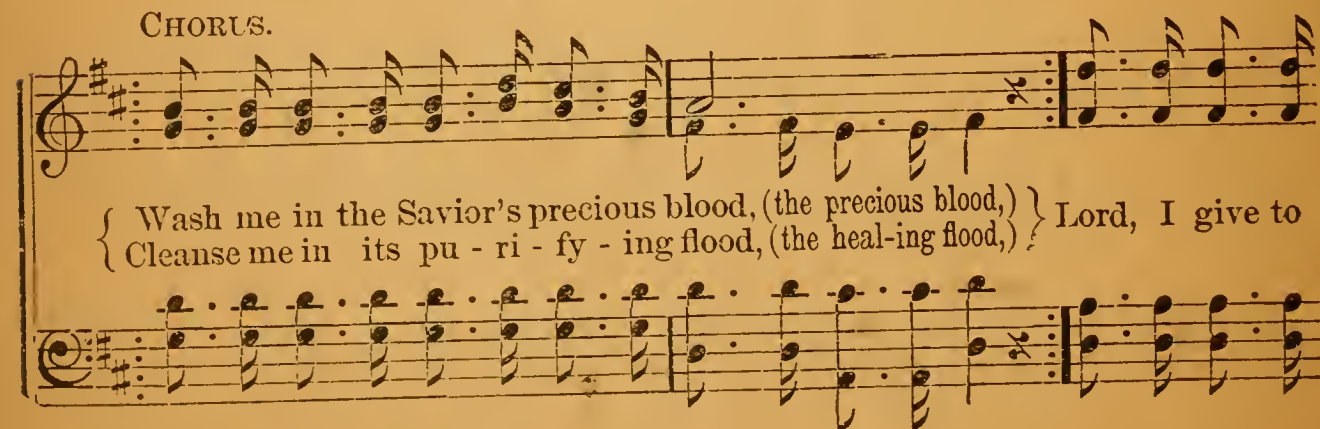
Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee;  
 Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;  
 Filled with mes-sag-es for thee;  
 Let them flow in end-less praise;



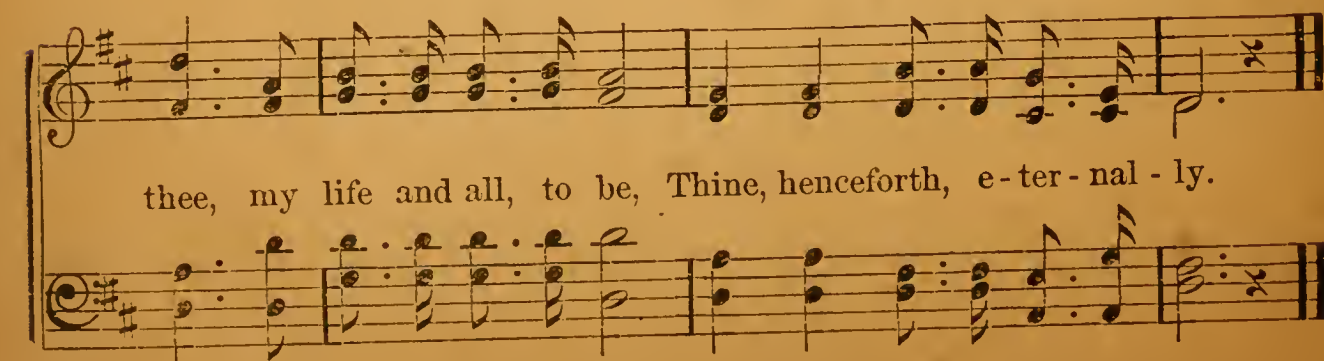
Take my hands and let them move  
 Take my voice and let me sing  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,—  
 Take my in - tel-lect, and use

At the impulse of thy love.  
 Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Not a mite would I withhold.  
 Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

## CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, (the precious blood,) } Lord, I give to  
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, (the heal-ing flood,) }



thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,—  
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour  
 At thy feet its treasure-store  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for thee!



1. { All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:  
 { All my tho'ts, and words, and do - ings, All my days, and all my hours.  
 2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—  
 { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise,

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.  
 All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
 I've lost sight of all besides;  
 So enchained my spirit's vision,  
 Looking at the Crucified.  
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Looking at the Crucified. :||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
 Jesus, glorious King of kings—  
 Deigns to call me his beloved,  
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.  
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Resting now beneath his wings. :||

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now believe thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

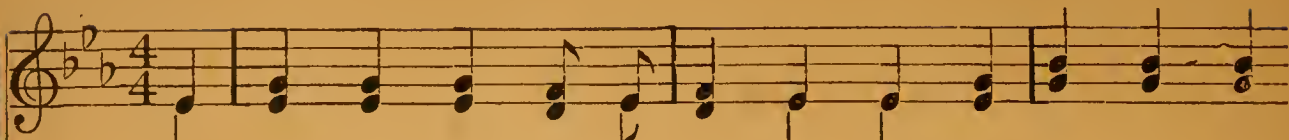
CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

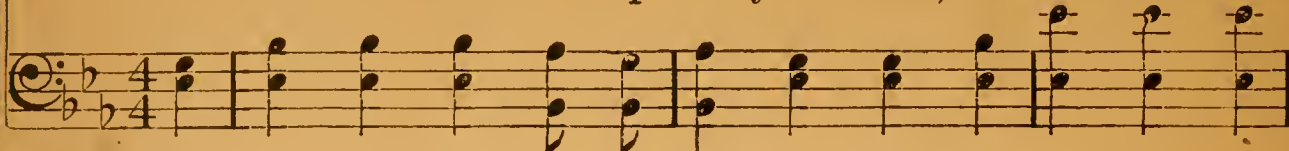
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

J. M. W.

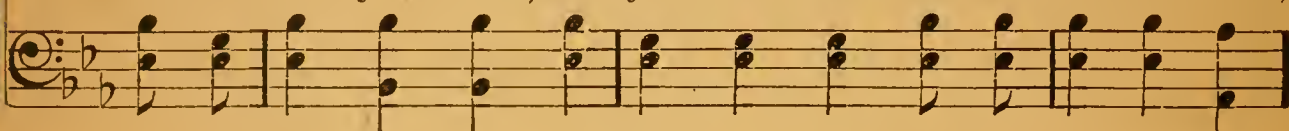
J. M. WHITE.



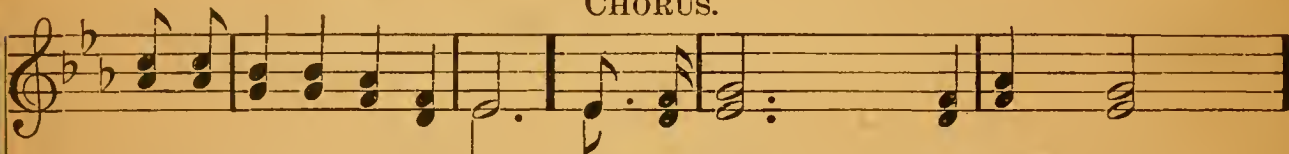
1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luct-ant feet, Just on the verge
2. The Spir-it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth-er shore, With un-seen hands
4. The touch of death is up-on your frame, The mar-ble slab



of this rest so sweet? While God in-vites and your steps will greet,  
and the glo-ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink-ing sand,  
seem to beck-on o'er; Their voic-es hushed, yet they still im-plore,  
soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf-fer e-ter-nal shame,



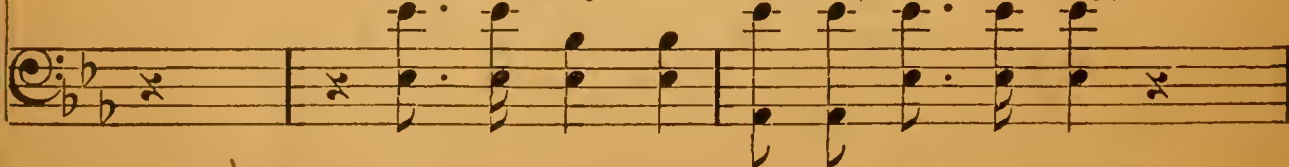
## CHORUS.



Come a-way to Je-sus now. Come a-way to Je-sus,  
Come away to Jesus, come away,



Come a-way to Je-sus, Come a-  
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,



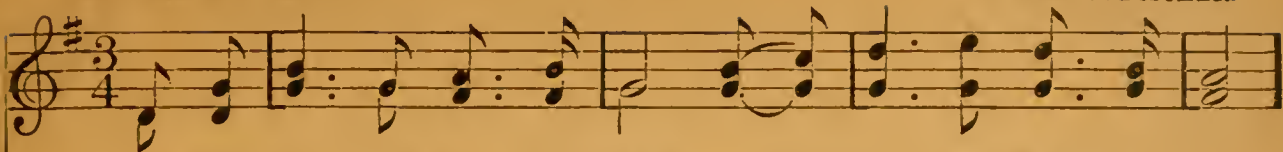
way to Je-sus, Come a-way to Je-sus now.  
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,



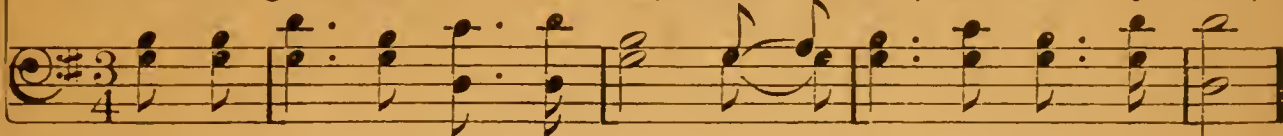


Rev. WM. McDONALD.

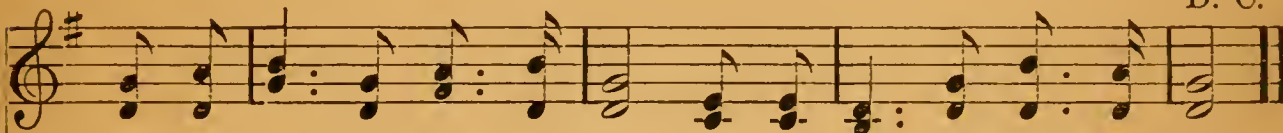
WM. G. FISCHER.



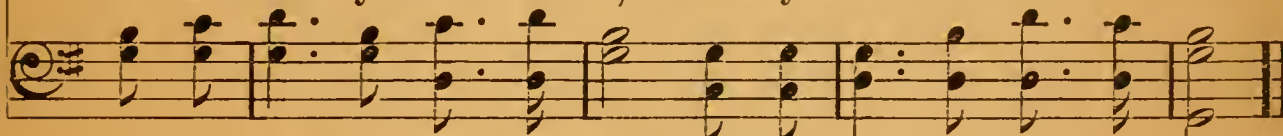
1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;



CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
D. C.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”  
Soul and bod - y thine to be,—Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.



Humbly at thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

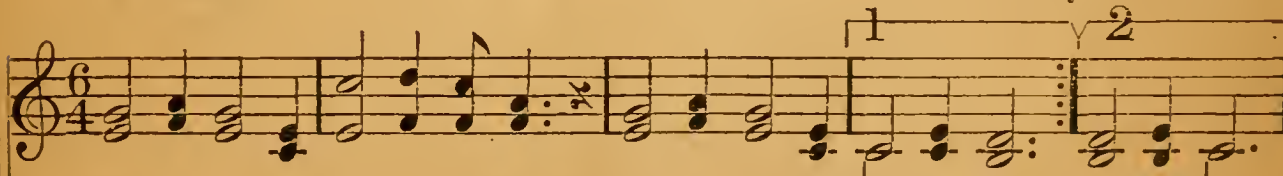
4 In thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied:  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
Perfected in him I am;  
I am every whit made whole:  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

BY PERMISSION.

F. W. FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



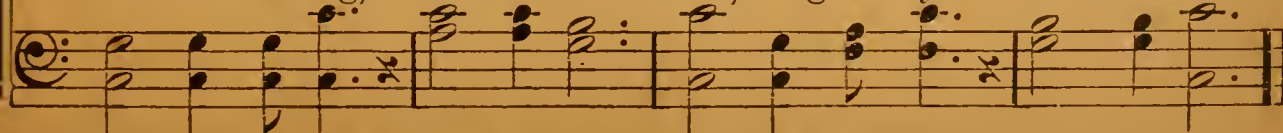
1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:  
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than [Omit.] lib-er - ty. \*
2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;  
There is mer-cy with the Savior, There is heal-ing [Omit.] in his blood.



CHORUS.



He is call-ing, “Come to me!” Lord, I glad - ly haste to thee.

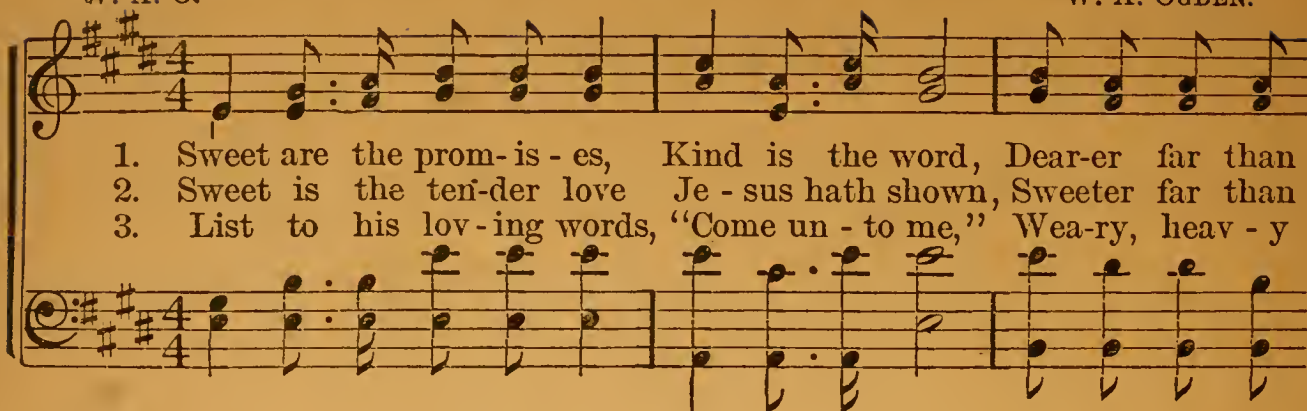


3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

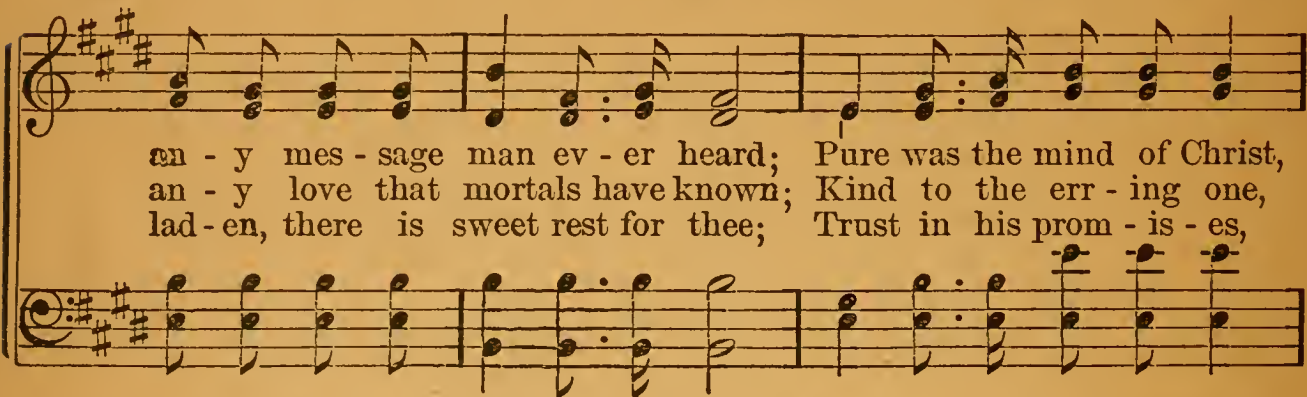
4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

W. A. O.

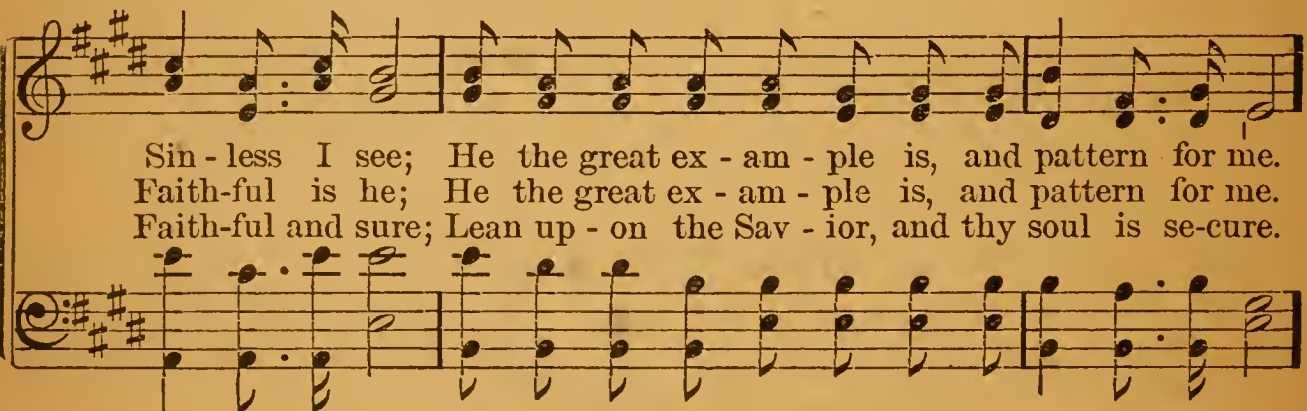
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than  
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than  
 3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea-ry, heav - y

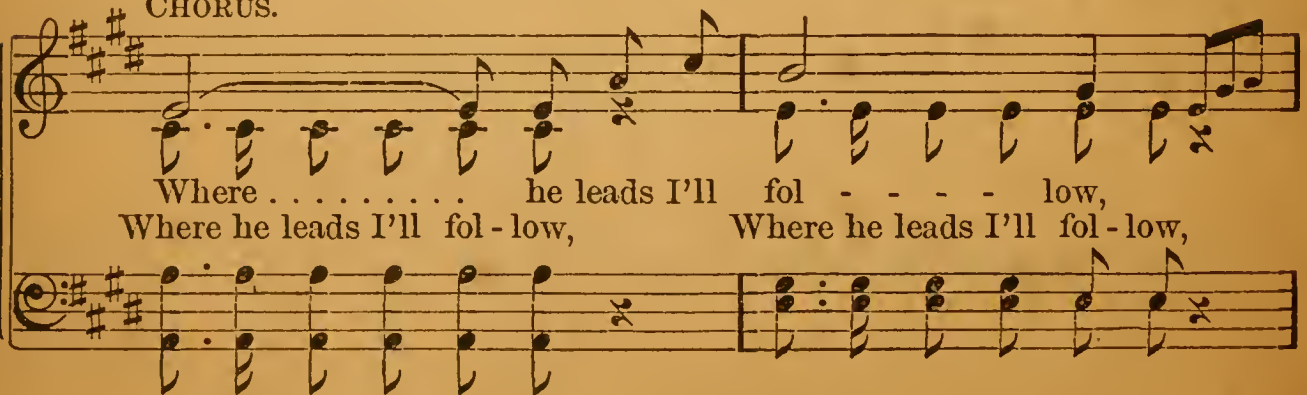


an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,  
 an - y love that mortals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,  
 lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom - is - es,

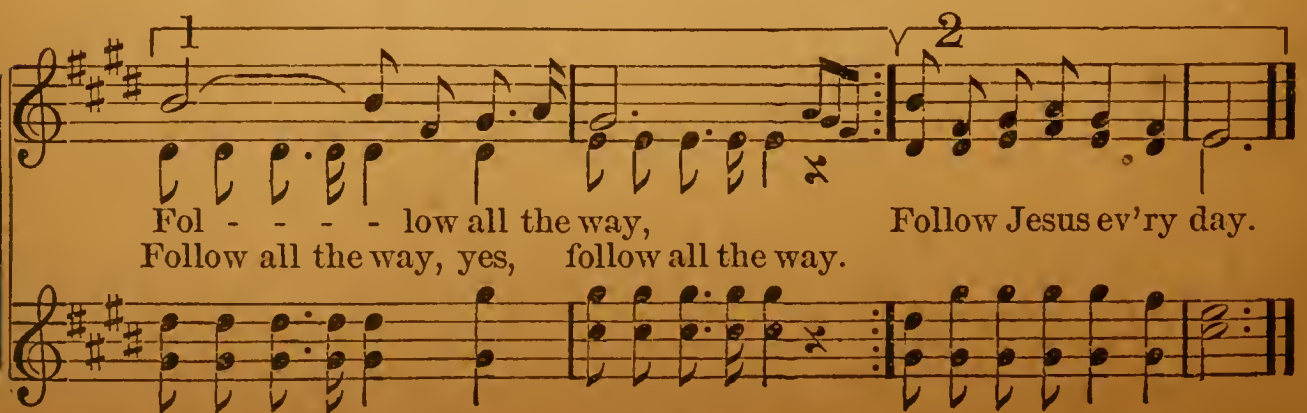


Sin-less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pattern for me.  
 Faith-ful is he; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pattern for me.  
 Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

## CHORUS.



Where . . . . . he leads I'll fol - - - low,  
 Where he leads I'll fol - low, Where he leads I'll fol - low,



Fol - - - low all the way, Follow Jesus ev'ry day.  
 Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

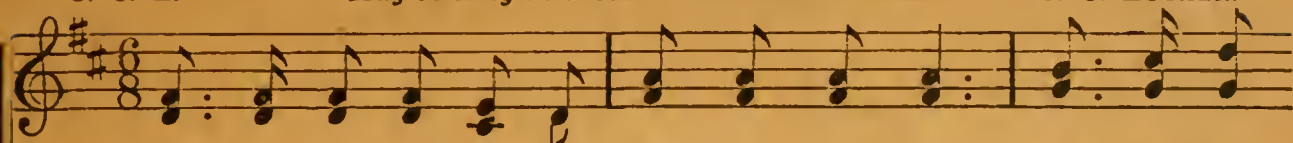


# 21 BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

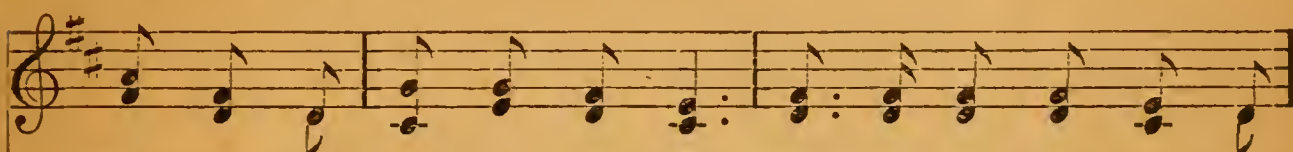
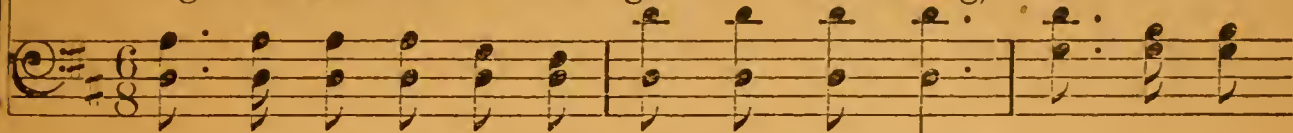
C. C. L.

*May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.*

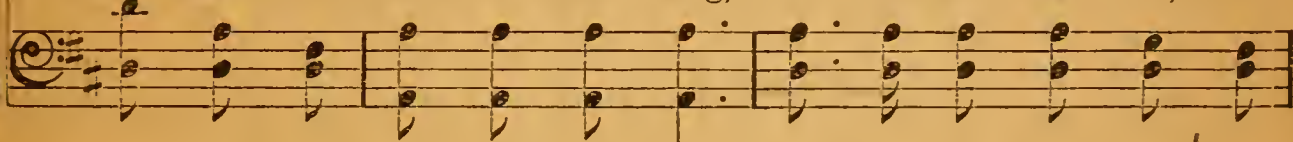
C. C. LUTHER.



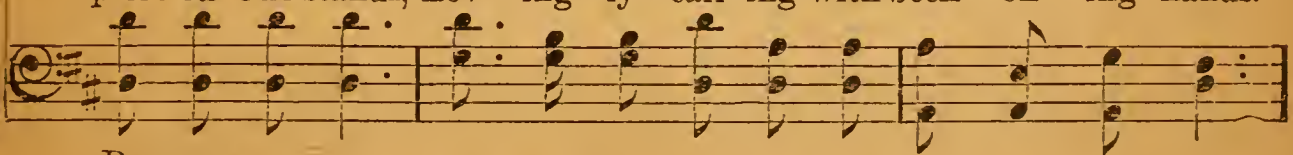
1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces a-
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watch - ing and
5. Bright - est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of



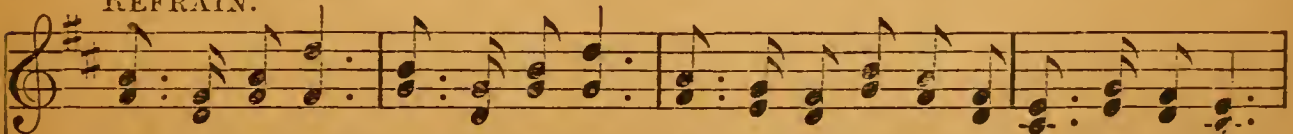
shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon  
life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to  
call - ing, O moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd dar - ling, the  
wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a  
all and the theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav - ior, the



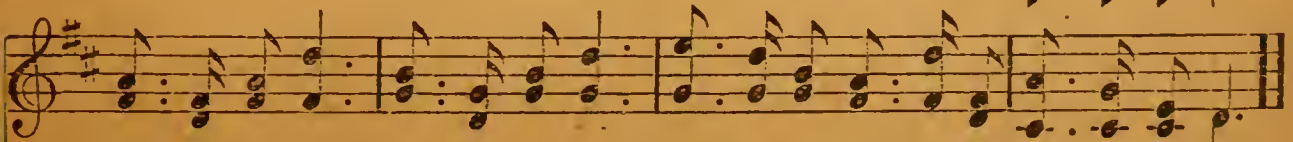
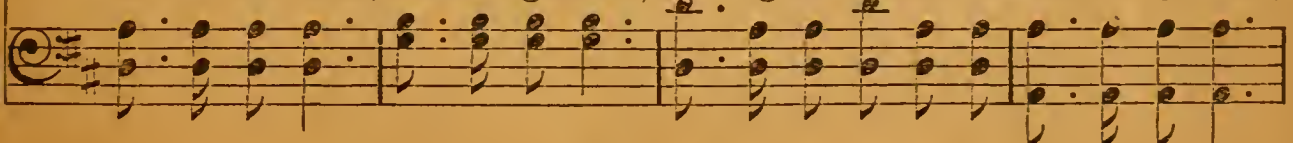
heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands, they are beck - on - ing "come."  
mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.  
light of the home, Ta - ken so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come."  
sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.  
pierc - ed One stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.



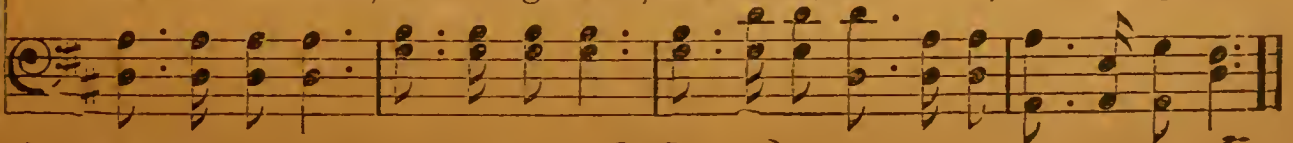
## REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful hands, beckoning hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;

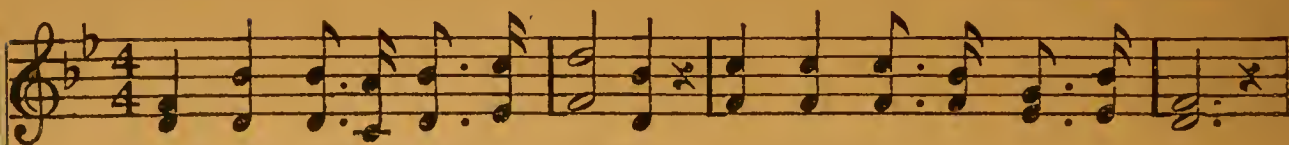


Beau - ti - ful hands, beckoning hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beckon - ing hands.

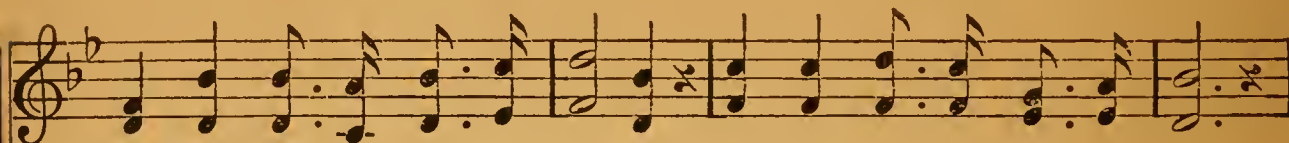
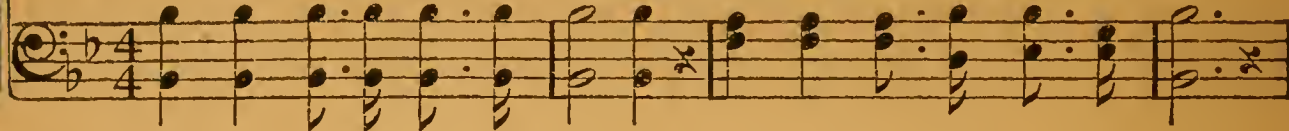


E. R. LATTA.

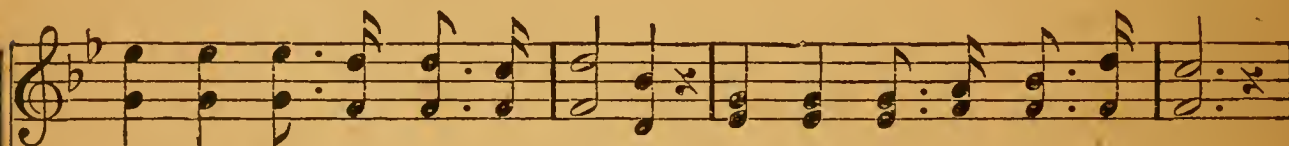
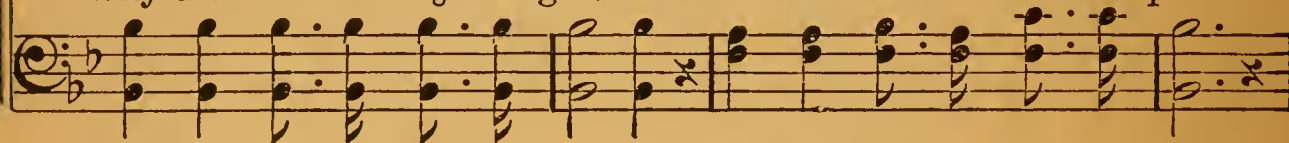
KNOWLES SHAW.



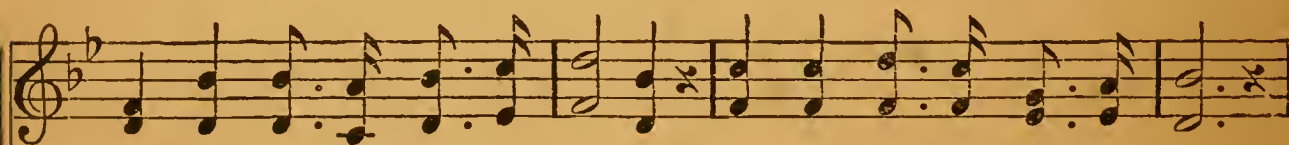
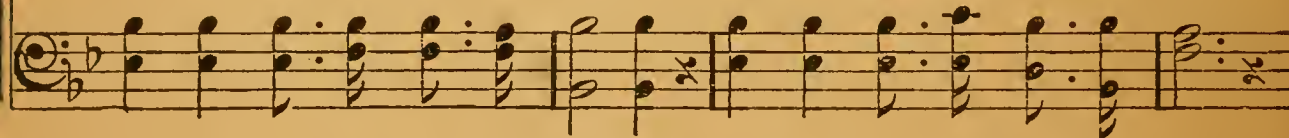
1. Wan-der - er a-way from Je-sus, In the wind-ing ways of sin,
2. Wan-der - er a-way from Je-sus, In the road to end-less woe,
3. Wan-der - er a-way from Je-sus, Wouldst thou not a crown ob - tain?



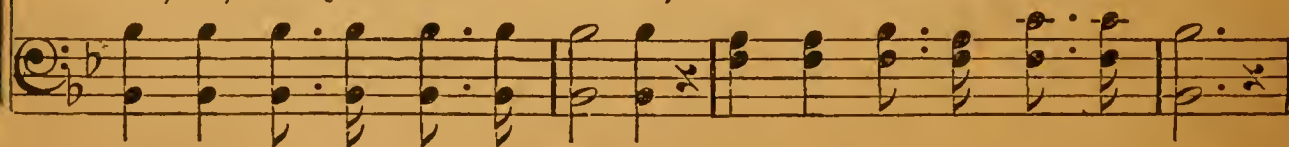
Turn and seek the world's Redeemer, And his serv-ice now be - gin.  
 If thou wilt not turn to Je - sus, Whither, whith-er wilt thou go?  
 Why then wilt thou slight his goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?



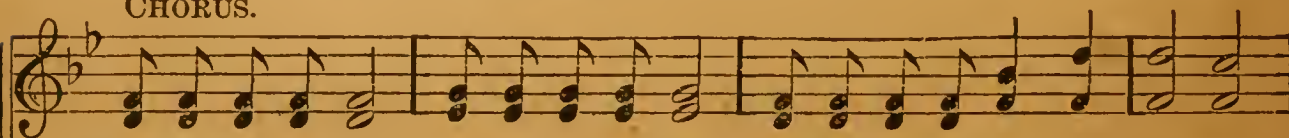
On Mount Cal-va - ry he suffered, On the cru - el cross he died;  
 Broad the road where thou art go-ing, Ma - ny with thee downward move;  
 Can you bar-ter life e - ter-nal, For the pleasure sin can give?



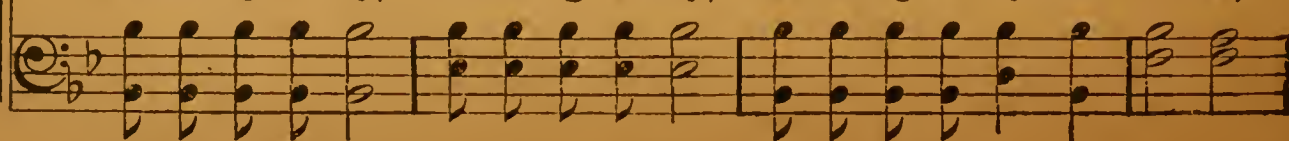
See his hands and feet so wounded, And be-hold his pierc-ed side.  
 Turn and seek the nar-row pathway, That will lead to bliss a - bove.  
 Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav-ior, And a fade-less crown re - ceive.



## CHORUS.



Wandering a-way, wandering a-way, Wandering a-way from Je-sus;





# WANDERING AWAY. Concluded.

Hear his gentle voice, Calling you to-day, And wander no more away from Jesus.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including rests and a final double bar line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

23

## BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,  
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the wand'ring ones to find?  
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

The musical notation for the first system includes a treble staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note rest followed by eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Call-ing the sheep who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?  
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my sheep where'er they be."

The musical notation continues with a treble staff and a bass staff, maintaining the two-flat key signature and 4/4 time signature. The melody and accompaniment continue through the lyrics.

### CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

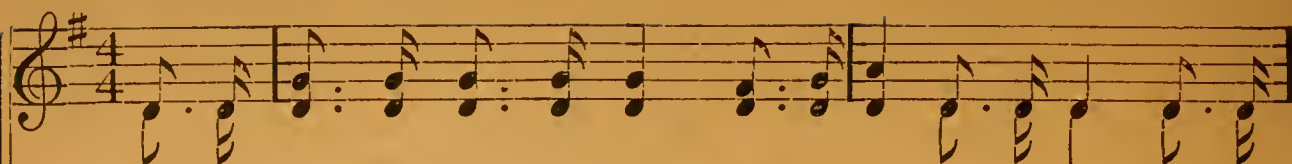
The musical notation for the chorus begins with a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je-sus.

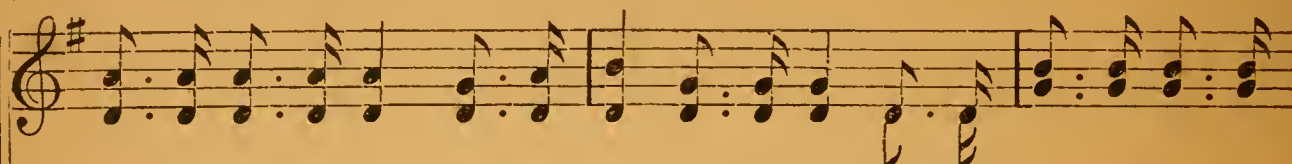
The musical notation continues with a treble staff and a bass staff, concluding the chorus with a final double bar line.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, A. M.

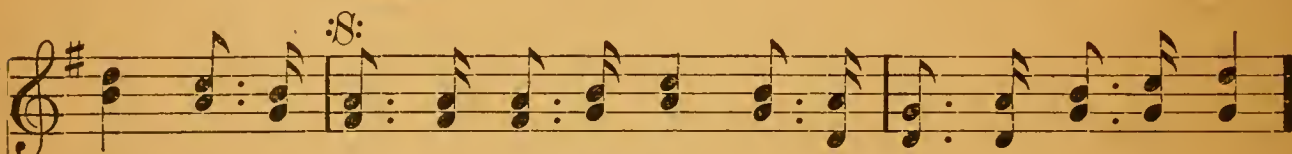
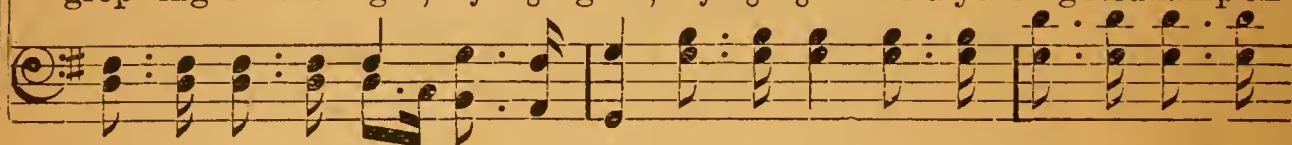
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



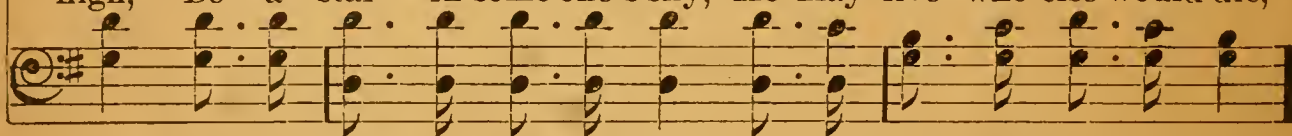
1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, Pass it on! 'Twas not
2. Did you hear the lov - ing word! Pass it on, Pass it on! Like the
3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on, Pass it on! Souls are



given for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the  
sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and  
grop-ing in the night, Day-light gone, day-light gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

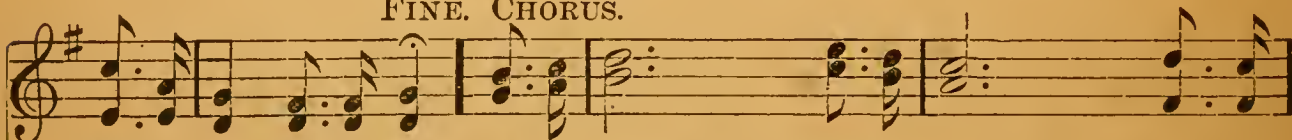


years, Let it wipe an - oth-er's tears; Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears,  
grow, Let it cheer an - oth-er's woe; You have reaped what others sow,  
high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

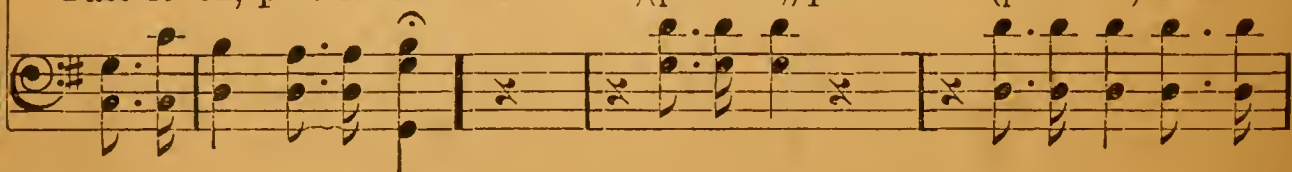


*D. S.* Christ, you live a - gain, Live for him, with him you reign,

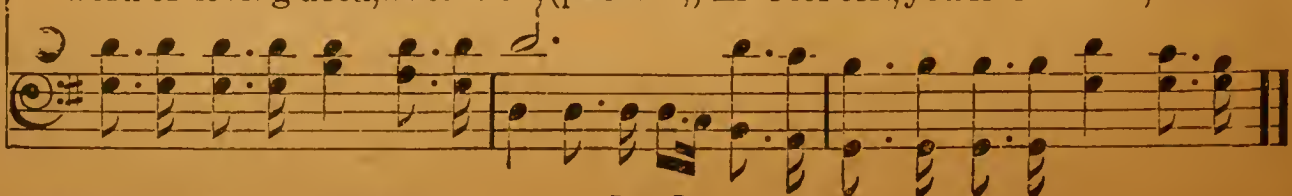
## FINE. CHORUS.



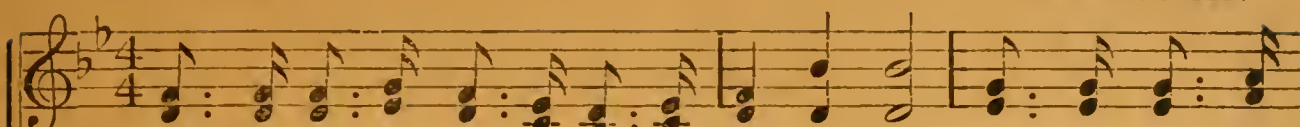
Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, (pass it on,) pass it on! (pass it on!) Cheerful

*D. S.*

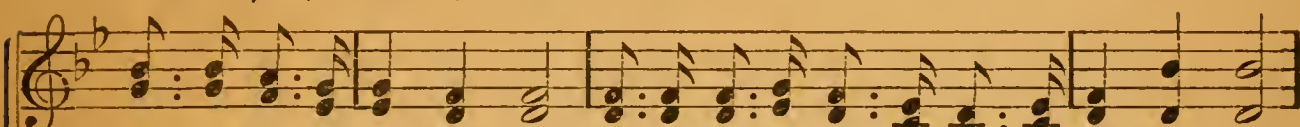
word or loving deed, Pass it on, (pass it on,) Live for self, you live in vain; Live for





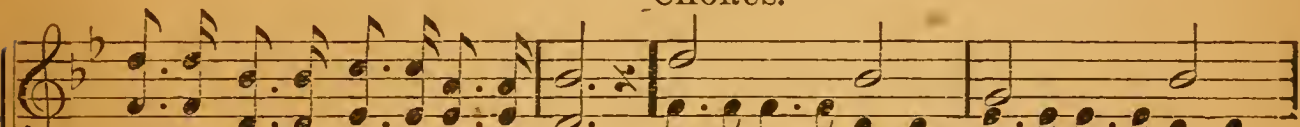


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howl-ing  
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent  
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -  
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can not fail, List'ning ev - 'ry




a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the living Word of God I shall pre-vail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,  
 ter - nal-ly by love's strong cord, Overcoming dai - ly with the Spirit's sword,  
 moment to the Spir-it's call, Resting in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,


## CHORUS.



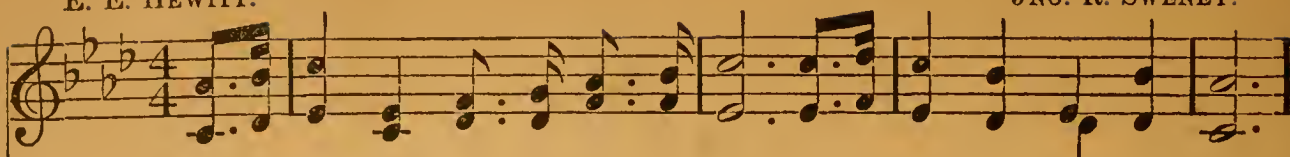
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,



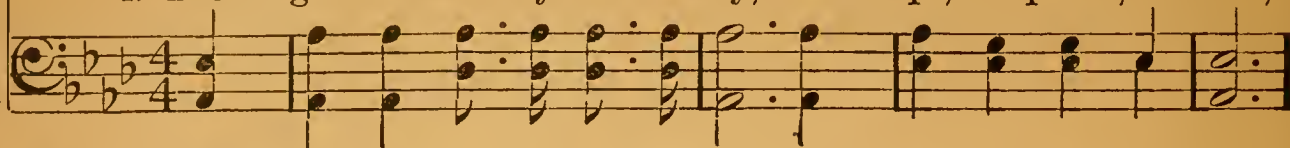
Stand - - ing,  
 Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav - ior; Standing on the promise,  
 Stand - - - ing,



Stand-ing on the promise, I'm stand-ing on the promis-es of God.



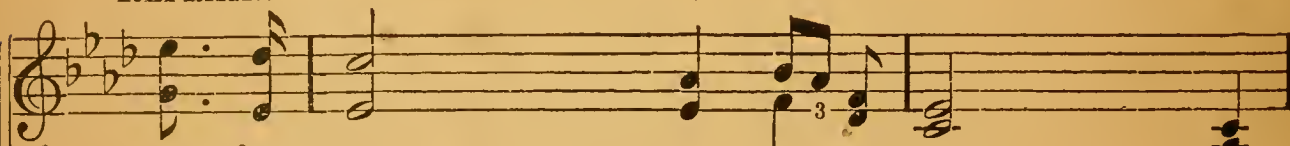
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



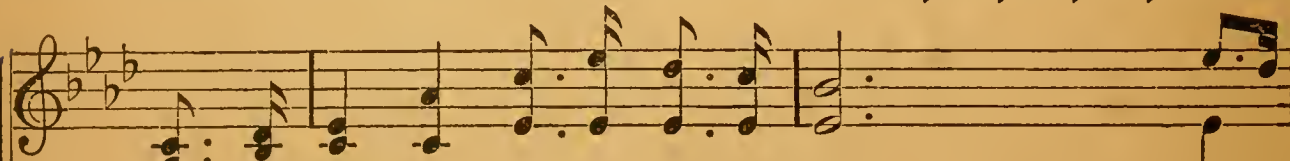
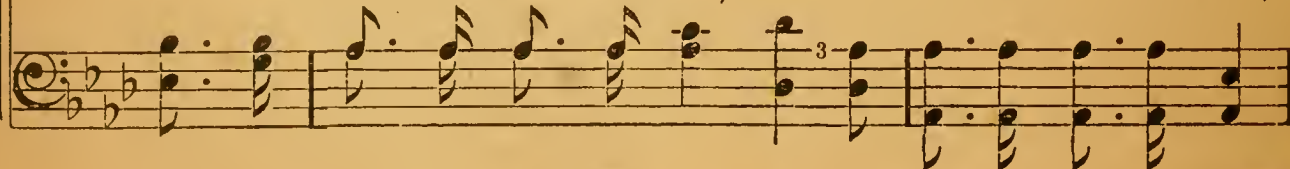
Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.  
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.  
 For ` bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



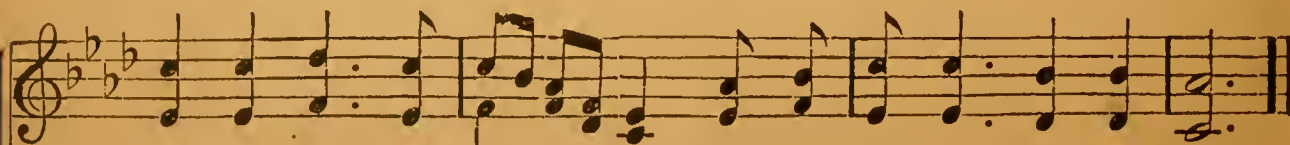
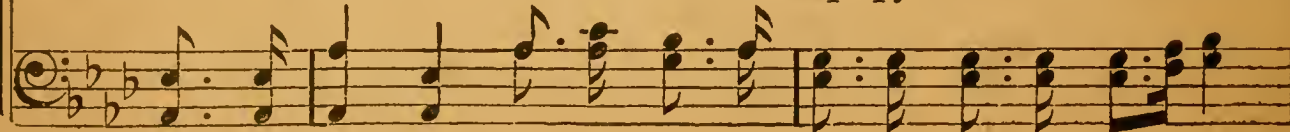
## REFRAIN.



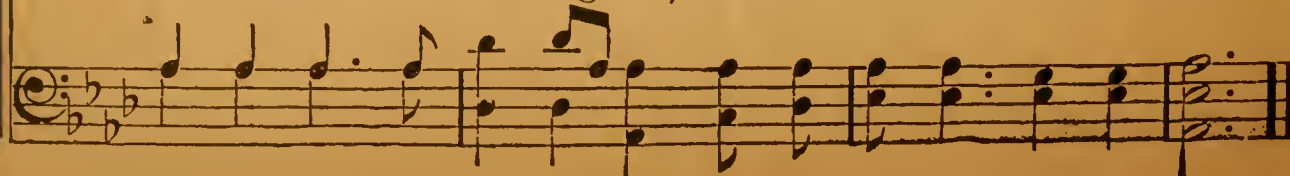
Oh, there's sun - - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - - shine,  
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,



While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When  
 hap - py moments roll;



Je - sus shows his smil - ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.





1. I have pre - cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has  
 2. It was Christ's re - demp-tion - blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-  
 3. I have found a pre - cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose

come with me to dwell, halle - lu-jah! By his grace and pow'r di-vine, He has  
 stored my soul to God, halle - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing  
 help I can depend, halle - lu-jah! Since he took my sins a - way, He has

*D. S.* joic - ing night and day, As I  
 FINE.

changed this heart of mine, And he whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!  
 from his wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!  
 taught me how to pray, And to do his will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For he washed my sins a - way, hal-le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so

won - - - - - drous-ly re - deemed!

*D. S.*

won-drous-ly redeemed, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeemed! I'm re-

# 40 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev E. A. HOFFMAN.

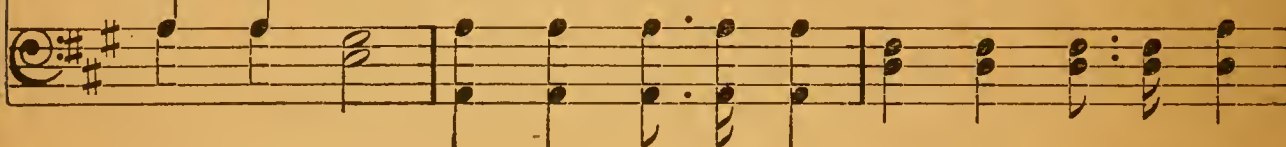
A. J. SHOWALTER.



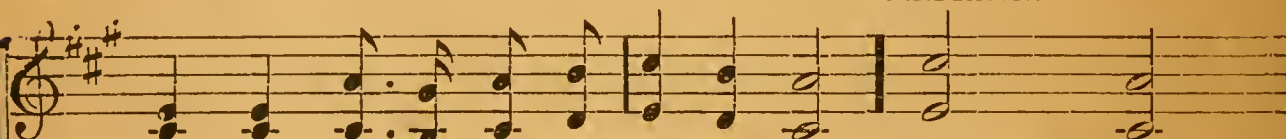
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -



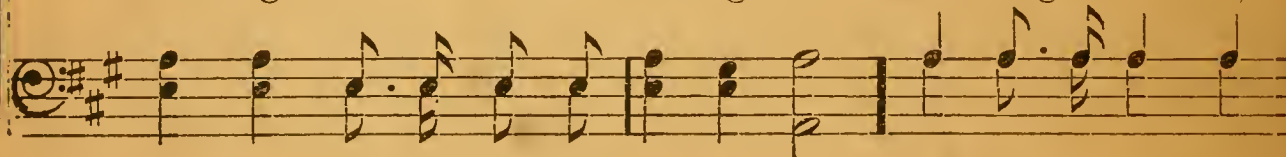
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,  
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



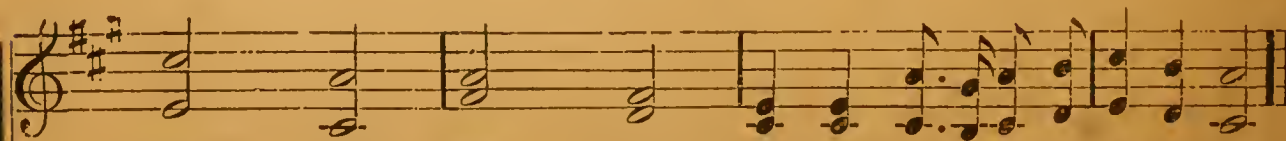
## REFRAIN.



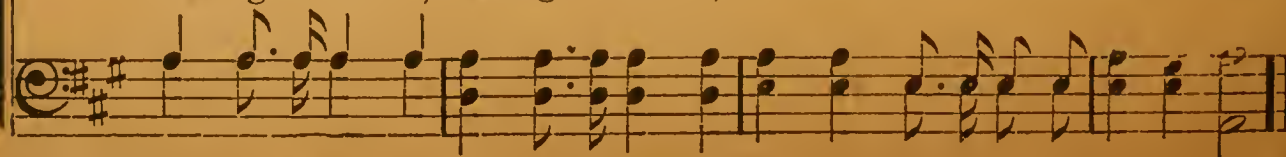
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - ing,  
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.  
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;  
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.  
Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,





Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -  
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his  
 bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his  
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to his  
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name;

BY PERMISSION.

P. DODDRIDGE.

ENGLISH MELODY.

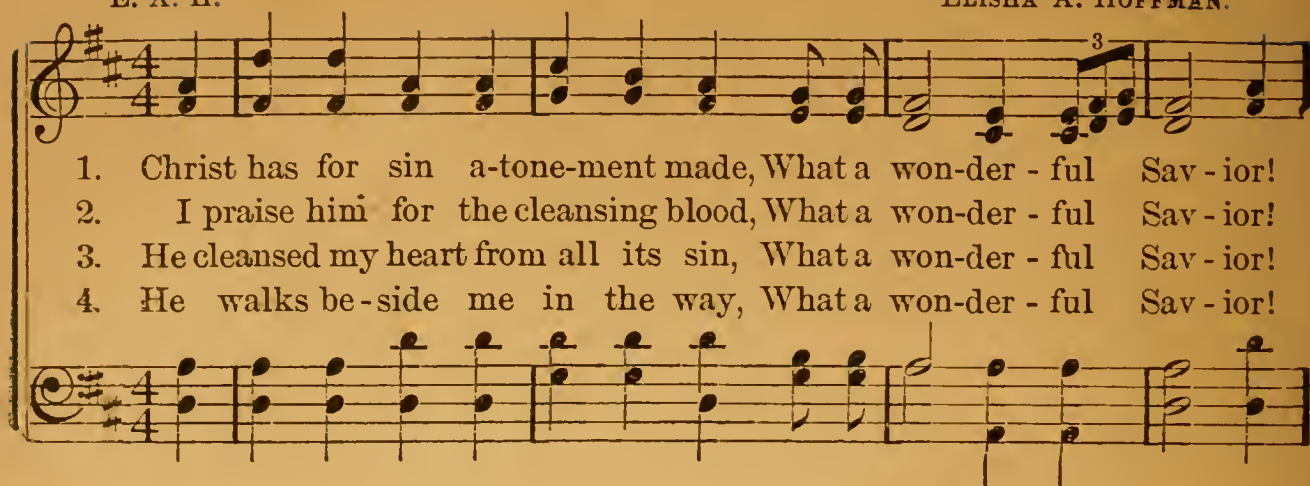
1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }  
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day. }

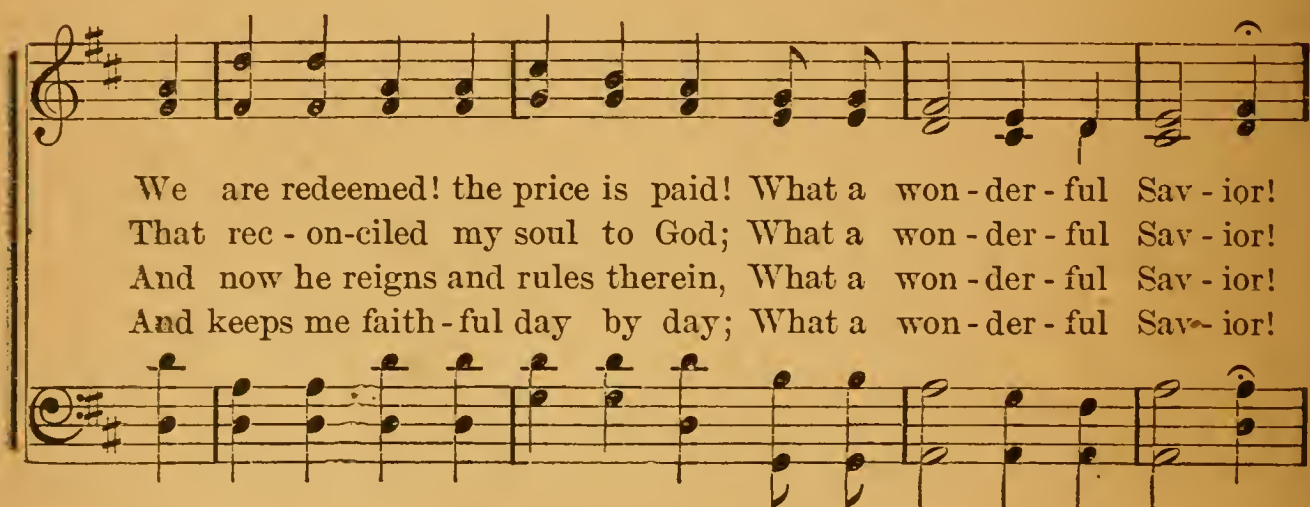
- 2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! Nor ever from thy Lord depart;  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine: With him of every good possessed.  
 He drew me, and I followed on.  
 Charmed to confess that voice divine. 4 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest; And bless in death a bond so dear.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

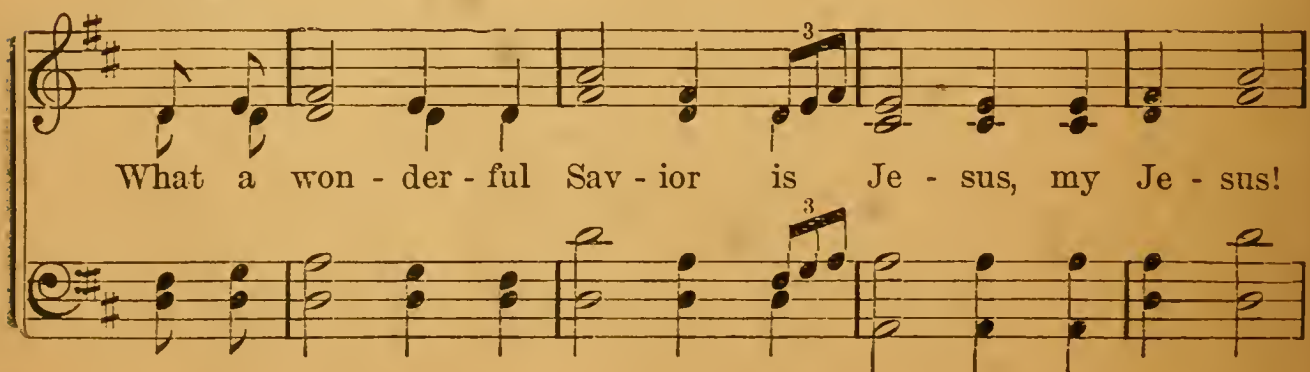


1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!  
 2. I praise him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!  
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!  
 4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!

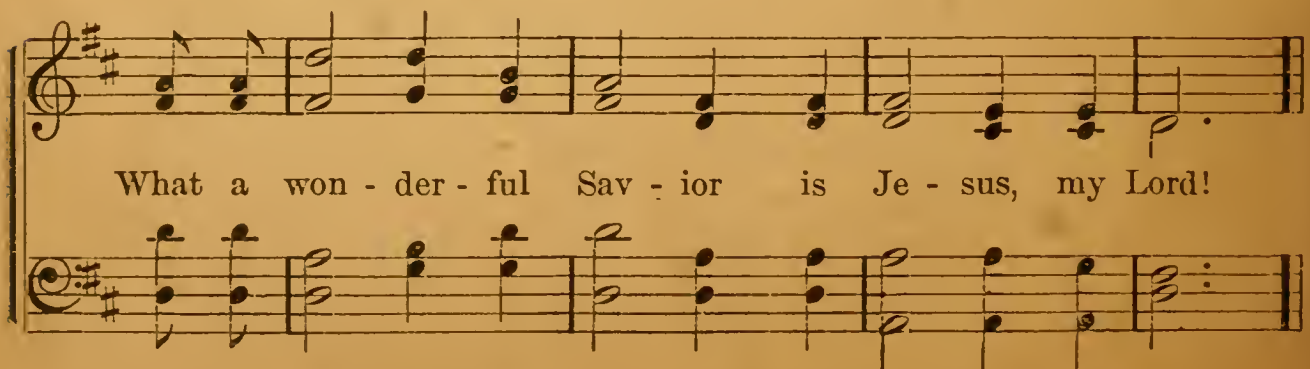


We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!  
 That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!  
 And now he reigns and rules therein, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!  
 And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!

## CHORUS.



What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

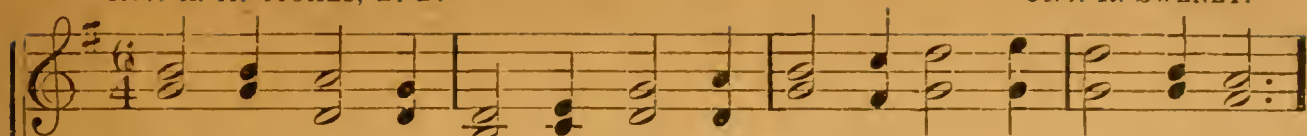


What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

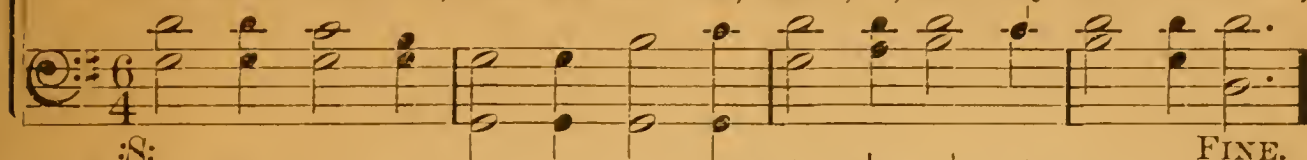
5 He gives me overcoming power,  
 What a wonderful Savior!  
 And triumph in each conflict hour,  
 What a wonderful Savior!

6 To him I've given all my heart,  
 What a wonderful Savior!  
 The world shall never share a part,  
 What a wonderful Savior!

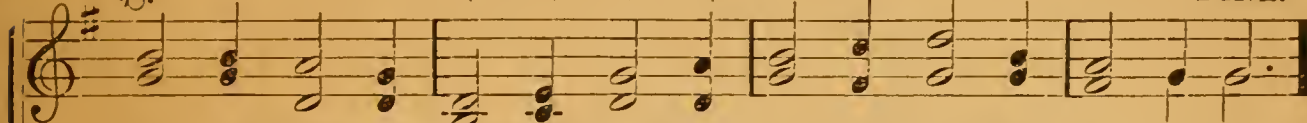




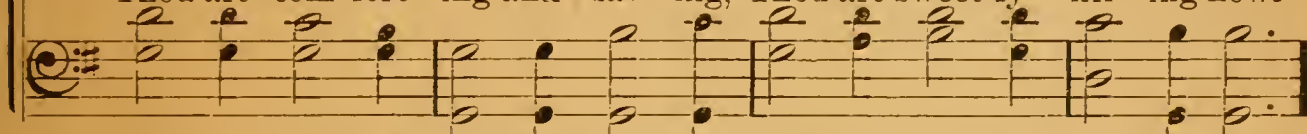
1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;



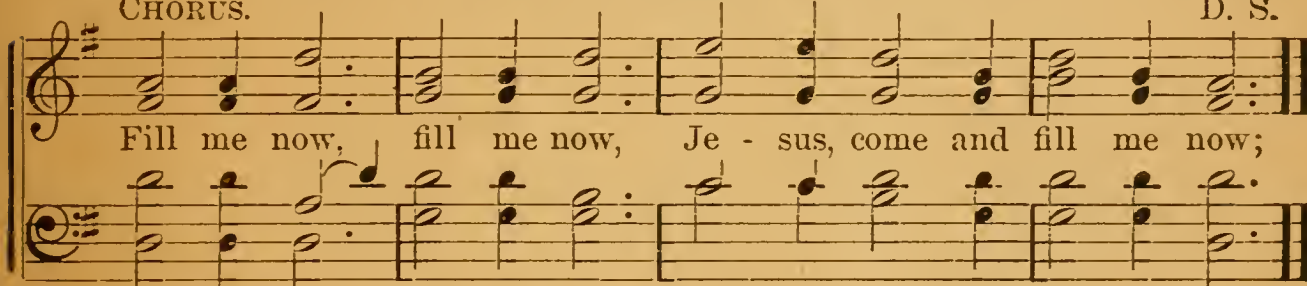
FINE.



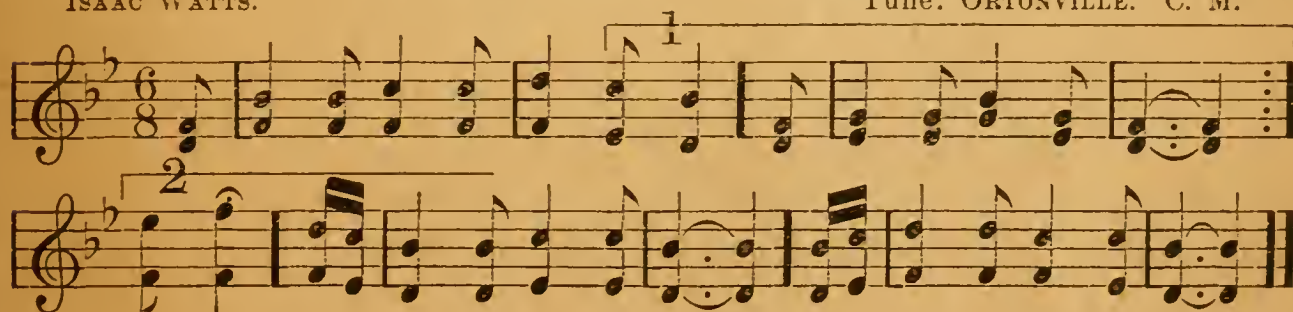
Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 Blest di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.



D.S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence; - Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 CHORUS. D. S.



COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JOHN J. HOOD.



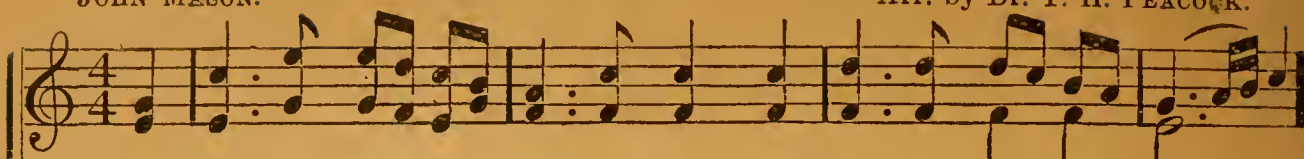
- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate—  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee  
 And thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply,  
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe:  
 My vile affections crucify;  
 Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,  
 Who would not own thy sway;  
 Diffuse thine image through my soul;  
 Shine to thy perfect day.
- 3 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
 And seal me thine abode;  
 O make me glorious all within,  
 A temple built by God!

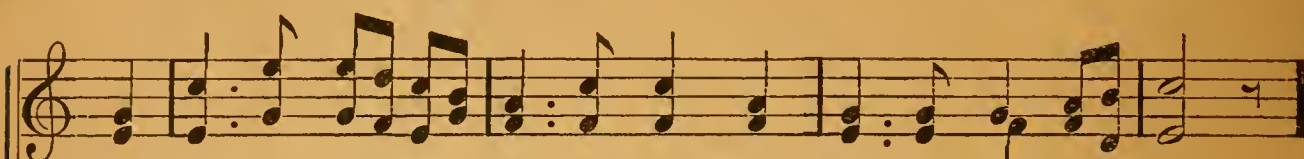
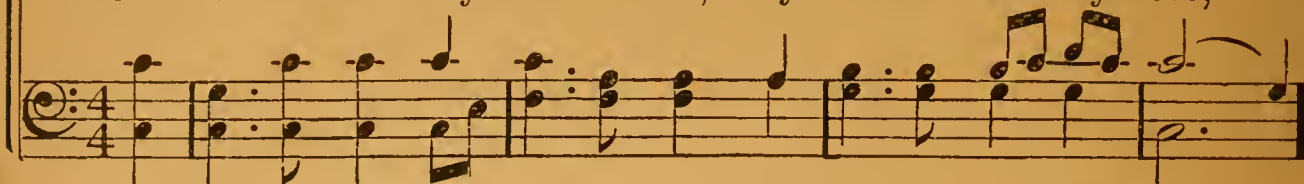
*Hymn 60 may be sung with this tune.*

JOHN MASON.

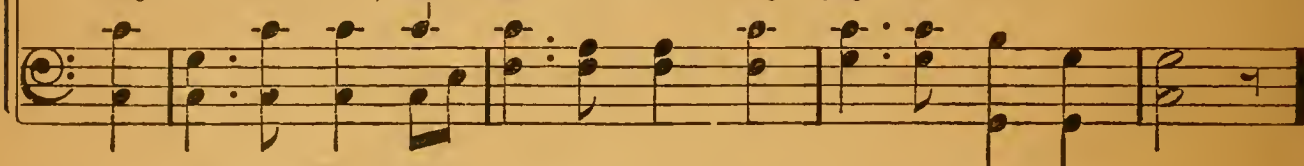
Arr. by Dr. T. H. PEACOCK.



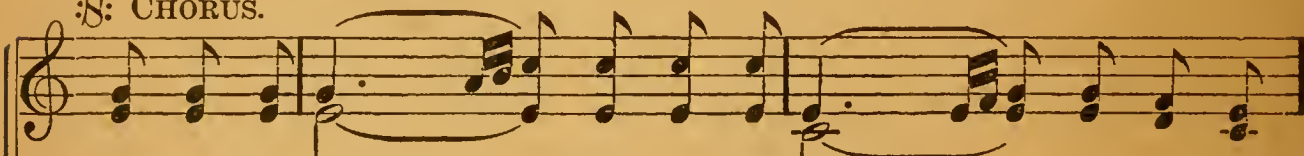
1. I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy!
2. Christ is my peace; he died for me For me he gave his blood!
3. Christ Je - sus is my all in all,—My com-fort and my love;



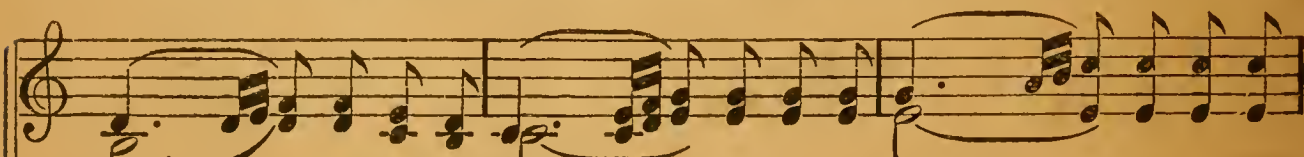
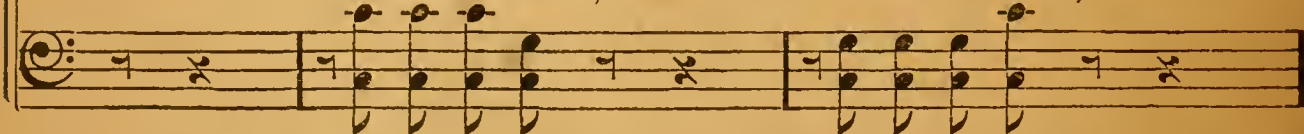
And sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy.  
 And, as my won-drous sac - ri - fice, Of - fered him - self to God.  
 My life be - low, and he shall be My joy and crown a - bove.



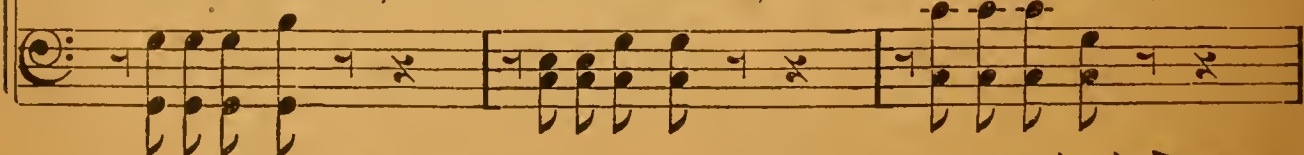
## ♩: CHORUS.



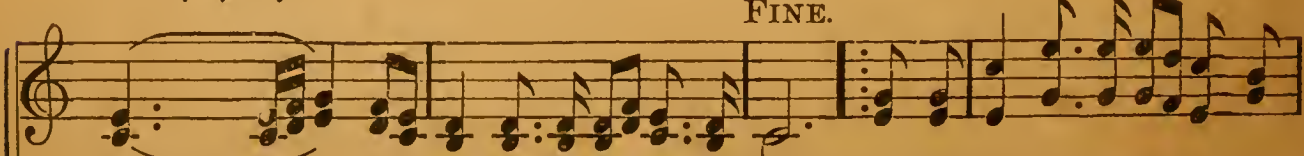
I've been re-deem'd, . . . I've been re-deem'd, . . . I've been re -  
 I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,



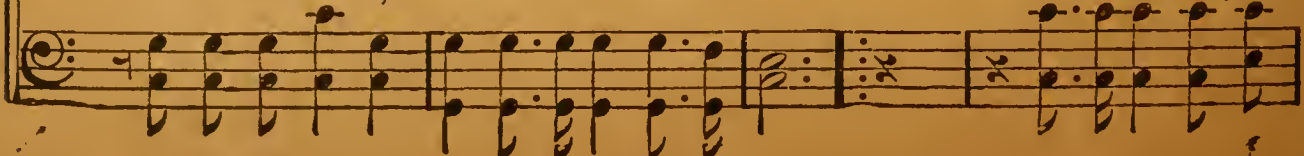
deem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been re -  
 I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,



FINE.



deem'd, . . . Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the  
 I've been redeem'd, Been redeem'd by the





# I'VE BEEN REDEEMED. Concluded.

1 2 *pp* D. S.

Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb. That flow'd on Calvary.  
 blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,

60

## GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There  
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And  
 2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, The  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }  
 sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }  
 dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }  
 there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee

ev-er, Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||:thy precious blood:||  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed ||:Church of God:||  
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||:I saw the stream:||  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love ||:has been my theme,:||  
 And shall be till I die.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture  
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo-ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his  
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech-oes of  
 hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Filled with his

## CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.  
 mer - cy, whis-pers of love.  
 good-ness, lost in his love. } This is my sto - ry, this is my

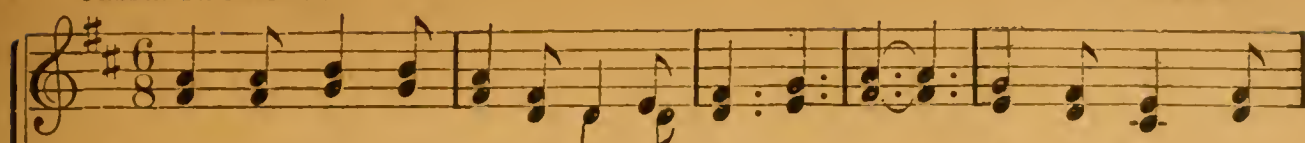
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.


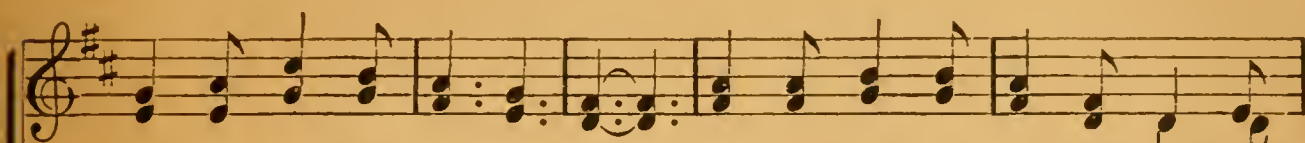


JESSIE H. BROWN.

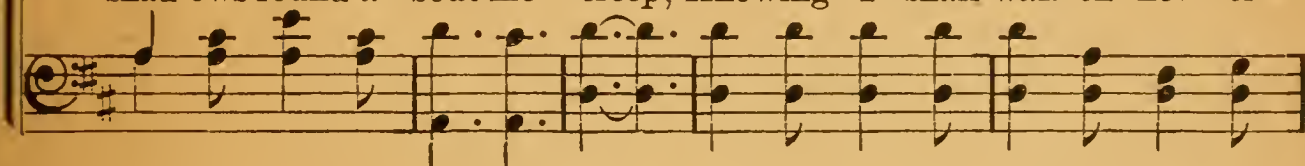
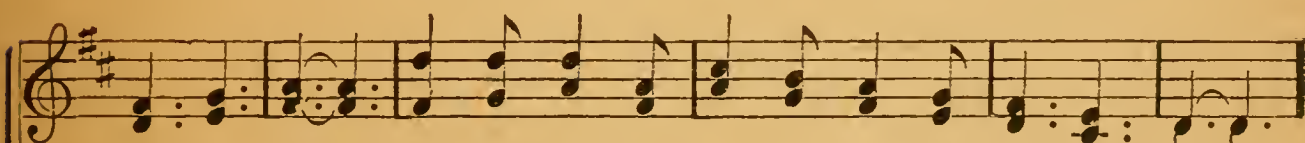
D. B. TOWNER.



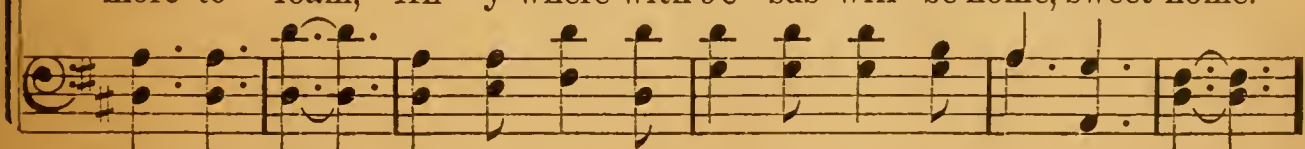
1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he  
 2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may  
 3. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ling

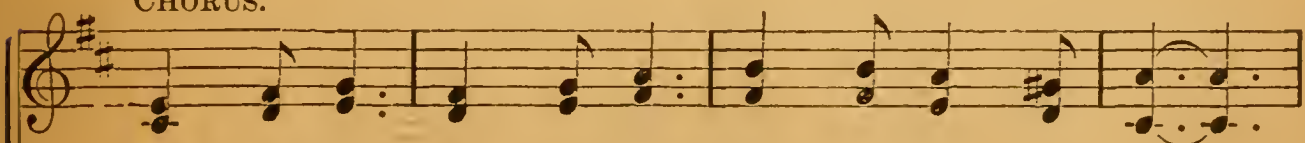
leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out him, dear - est  
 fail me, he is still my own; Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver  
 shad - ows round a - bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak - en nev - er

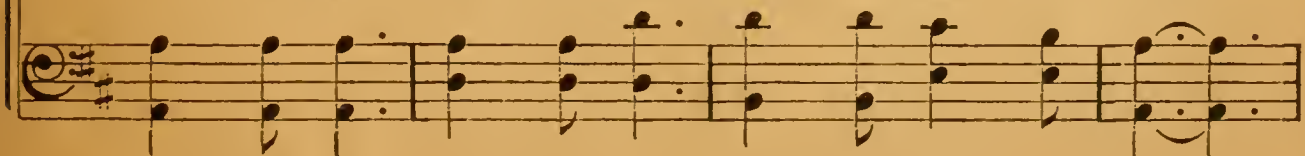

joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.  
 drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.  
 more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.




## CHORUS.



An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can not know,

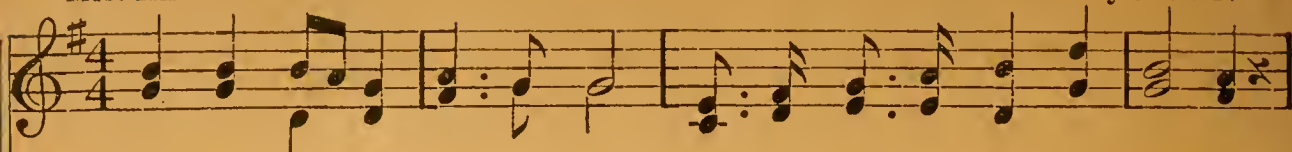
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.



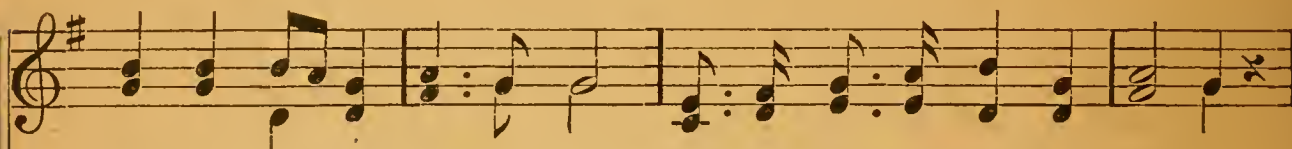
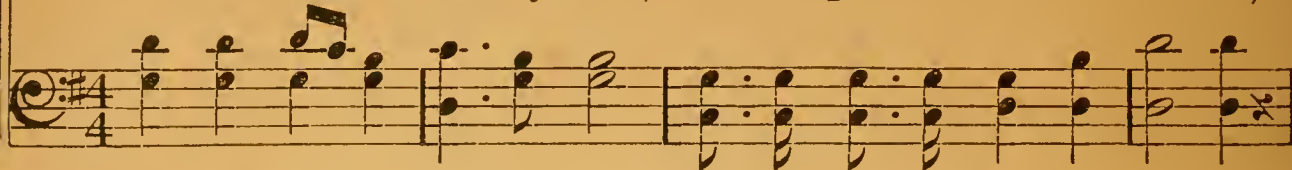
# 65 THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

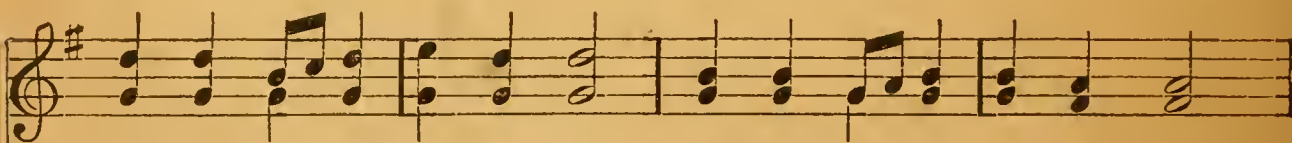
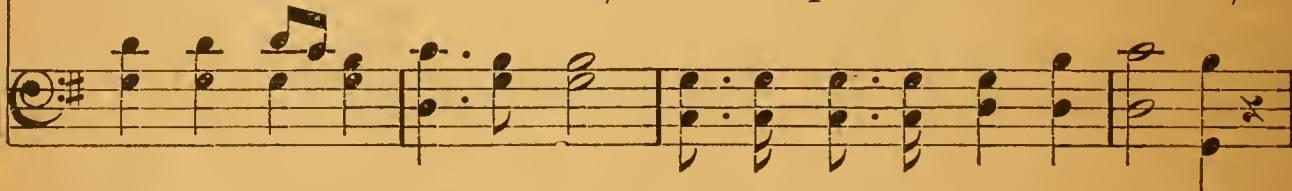
A. J. ABBEY. Arr. by J. H. T.



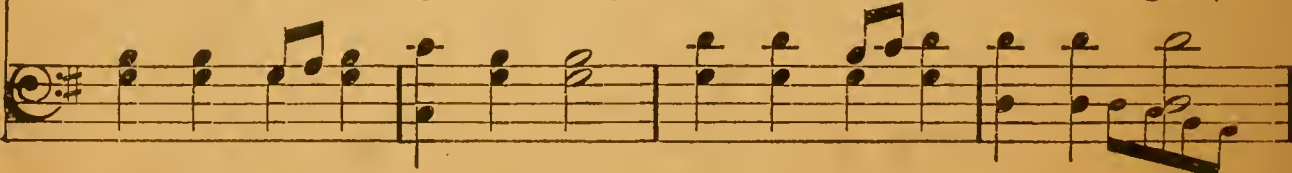
1. We shall reach our home some day, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
2. We shall sit up - on the right, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
3. We shall hear the an-gels sing, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
4. We shall dwell in safe - ty there, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;



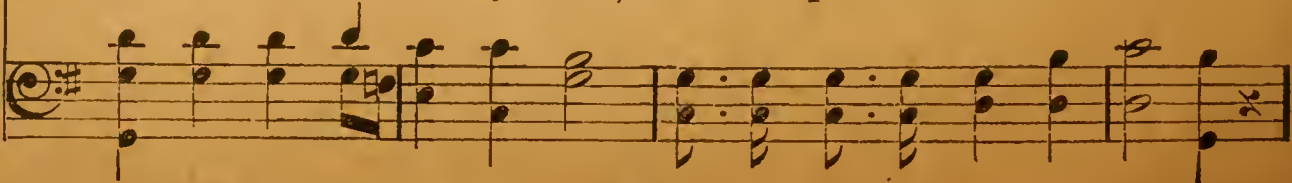
We shall tread the gold-en way, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,  
We shall wear "the robes of white," Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,  
We shall gaze up - on our King, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,  
Where the skies are ev - er fair, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,



We shall lay each burden down, And shall gain a glo-rious crown,  
Done with toil-ing cares and fears, Done with partings, pains and tears;  
We shall join the up - per throng, In the sweet re-demp-tion-song;  
We shall nev - er sigh a - gain, We shall nev - er die a - gain;



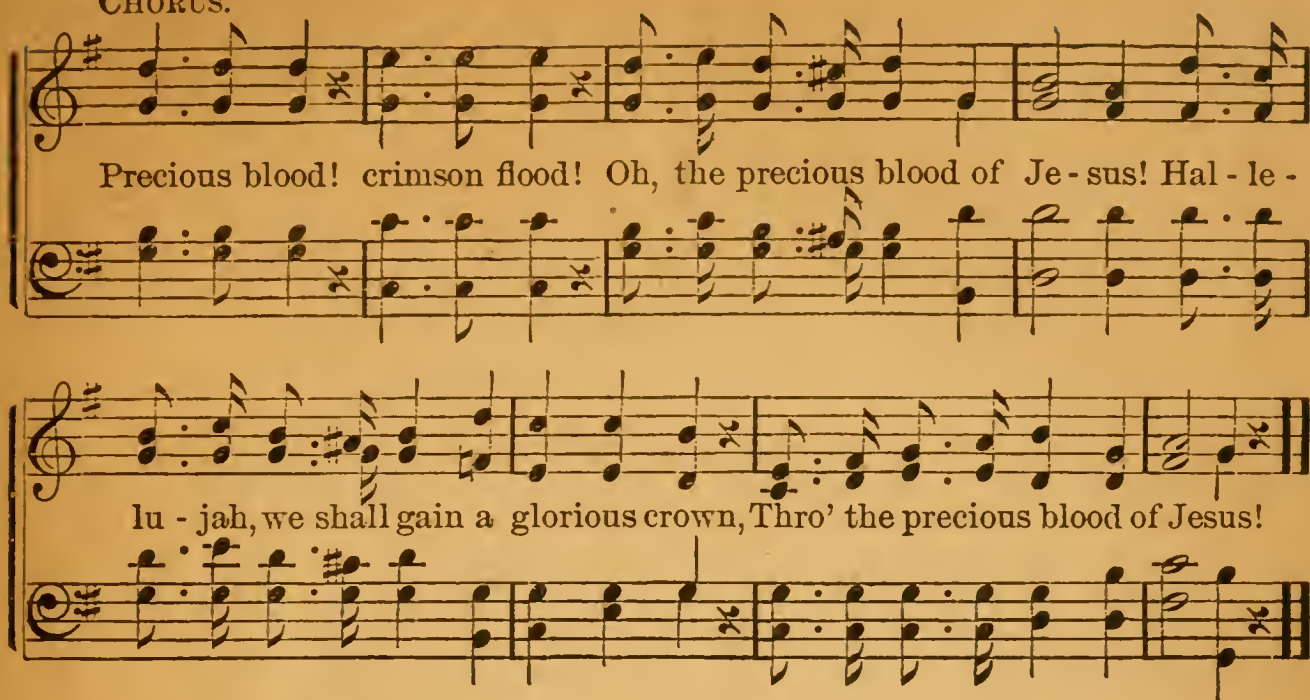
Hal - le - lu - jah! gain a crown, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.  
While shall roll the end-less years, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.  
Chant it sweet-ly, loud and long, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.  
Glo - ry to his ho - ly name, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.





# THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.



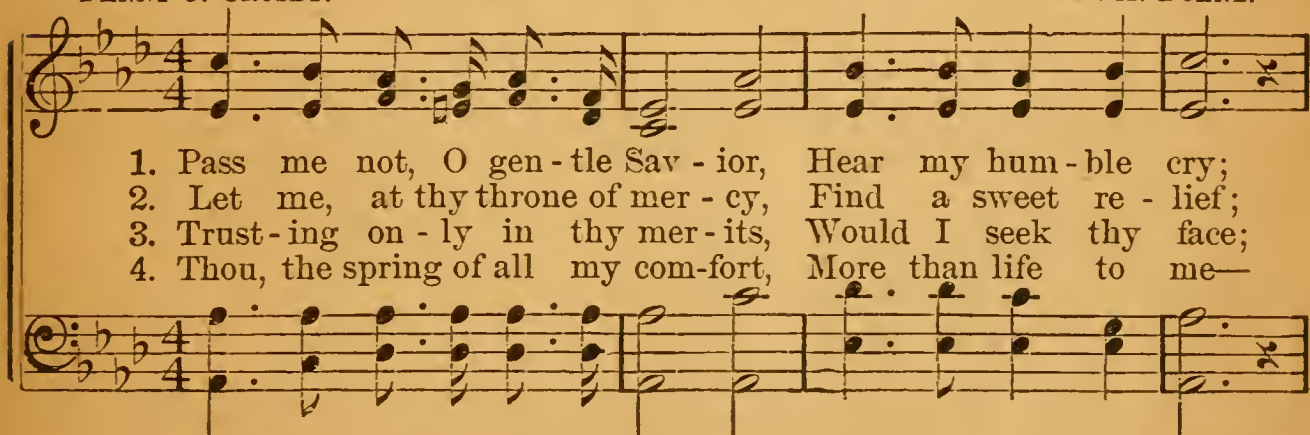
Precious blood! crimson flood! Oh, the precious blood of Je - sus! Hal - le -  
lu - jah, we shall gain a glorious crown, Thro' the precious blood of Jesus!

66

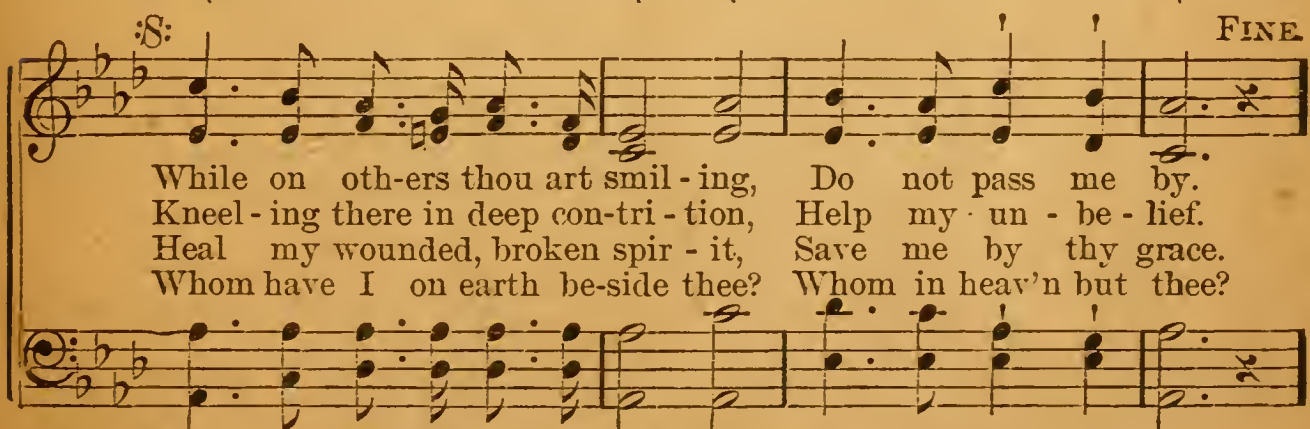
## PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
2. Let me, at thy throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief;  
3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - its, Would I seek thy face;  
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

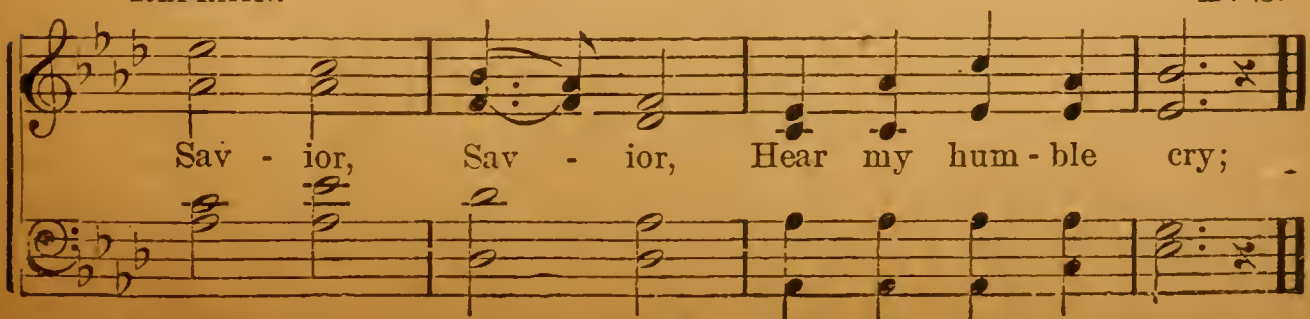


While on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.  
Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

D.S.—While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home, — Call - ing to - day,  
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest, — Call - ing to - day,  
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to him now, — Wait - ing to - day,  
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to his voice, — Plead - ing to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam,  
 call - ing to - day; Bring him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:  
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at his feet low - ly bow;  
 plead - ing to - day; They who be - lieve on his name shall re - joice;

## CHORUS.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way? Call - - ing to - day, ...  
 He will not turn thee a - way.  
 Come, and no long - er de - lay.  
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

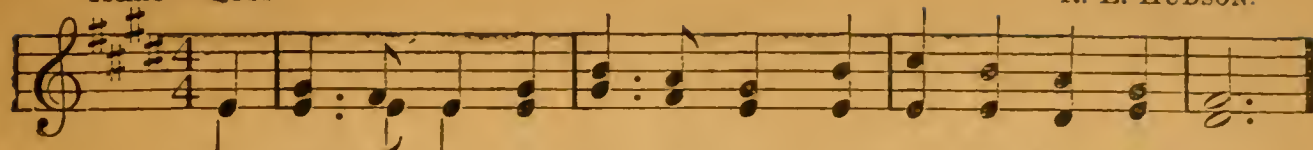
call - - - ing to - day; ... Je - - - sus is  
 call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly,

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.  
 call - ing to - day,

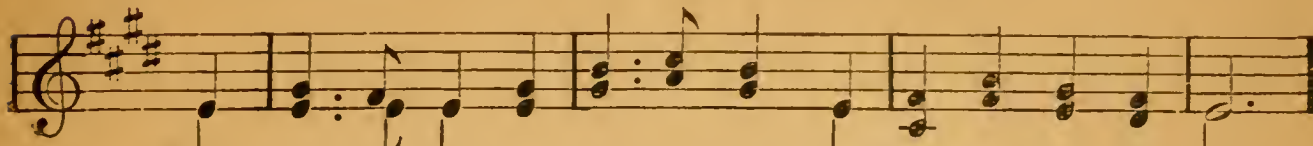


ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

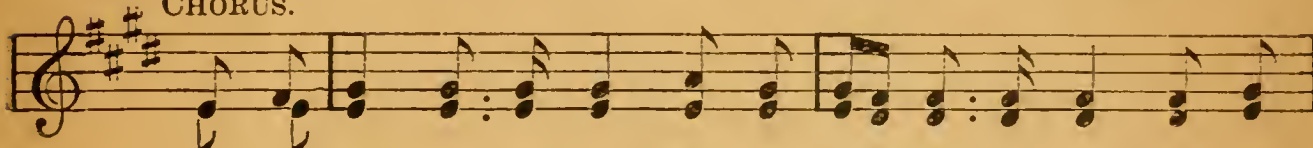


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die.
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe;



Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree!  
 Here, Lord, 'I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

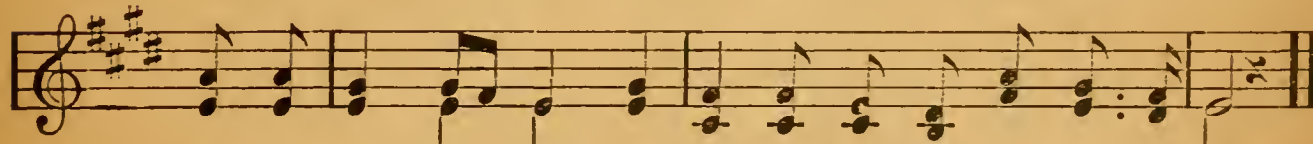
## CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



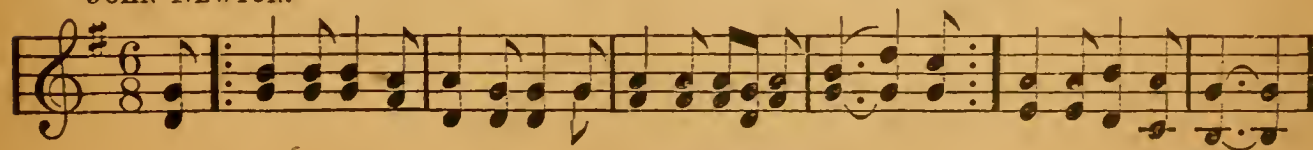
bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way— It was there by faith



I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

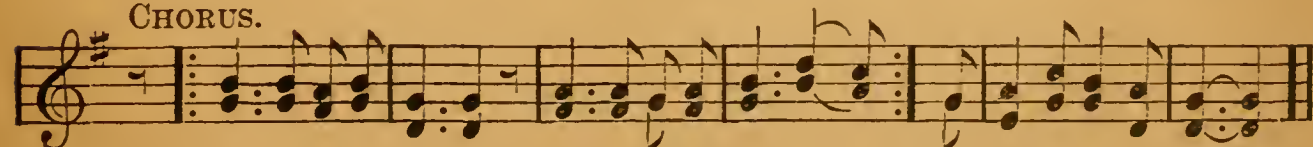
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

JOHN NEWTON.



[Omit in Repeat. . . . .]

## CHORUS.

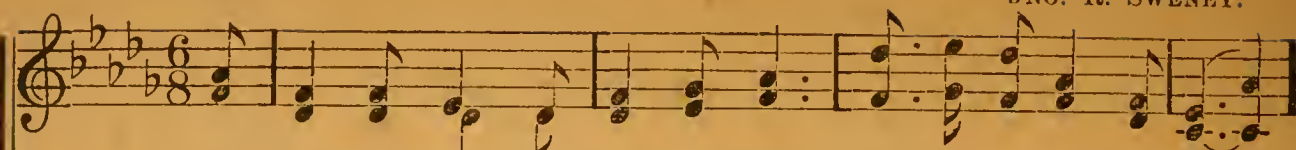


[Omit in Repeat. . . . .]

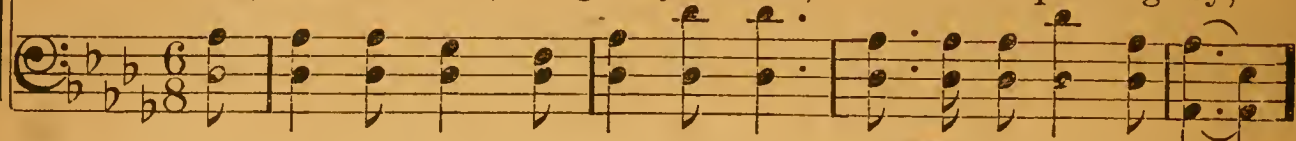
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds<br/>         In a believer's ear!<br/>         It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,<br/>         And drives away his fear.</p> | <p>2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,<br/>         And calms the troubled breast;<br/>         'Tis manna to the hungry soul,<br/>         And to the weary rest.</p>  |
| <p>CHO.—  : Oh, how I love Jesus! :  <br/>         Because he first loved me;<br/>           : How can I forget thee? :  <br/>         Dear Lord, remember me.</p>          | <p>3 I would thy boundless love proclaim<br/>         With every fleeting breath;<br/>         So shall the music of thy name<br/>         Refresh my soul in death.</p> |

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



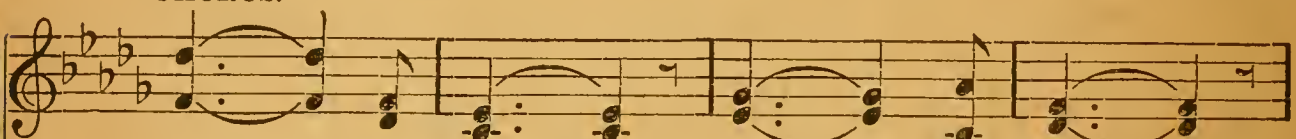
1. Come, con - trite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, hun - gry one, and tell your needs, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find your rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;



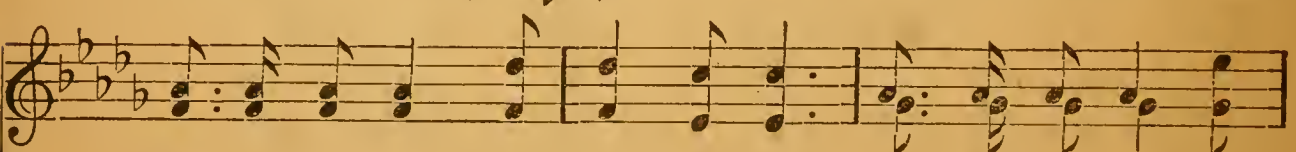
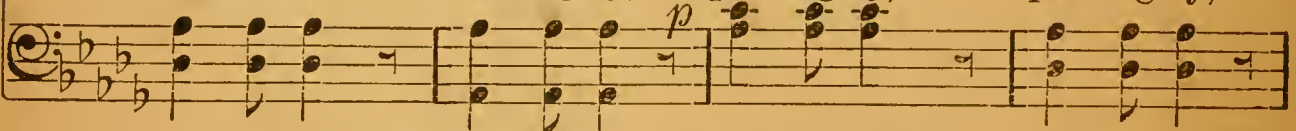
See in his rec - on - cil - ing face, The sun - shine of the sky.  
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy....  
 Come where the longing heart is bless'd, And on his bo - som lie...  
 The love that list - ens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" de - ny.



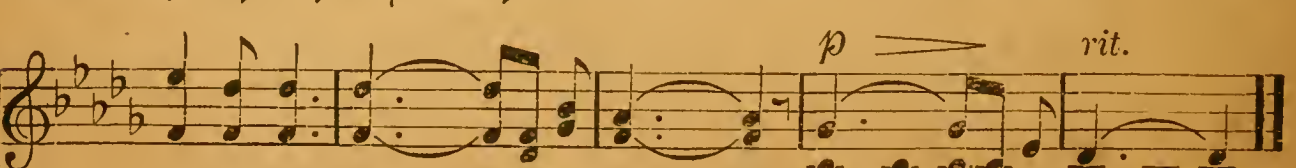
## CHORUS.



Pass - - ing by,..... pass - - ing by,.....  
*mf* Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, *p* pass - ing by, pass - ing by,



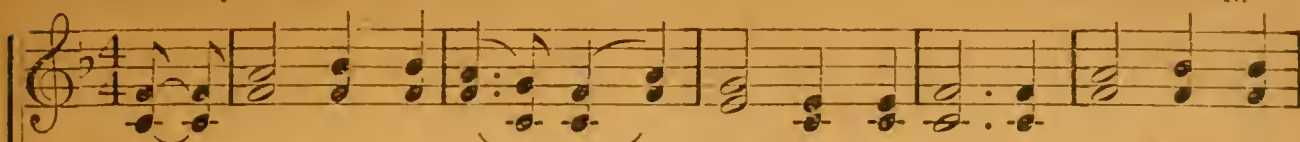
Hast - en to meet him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing



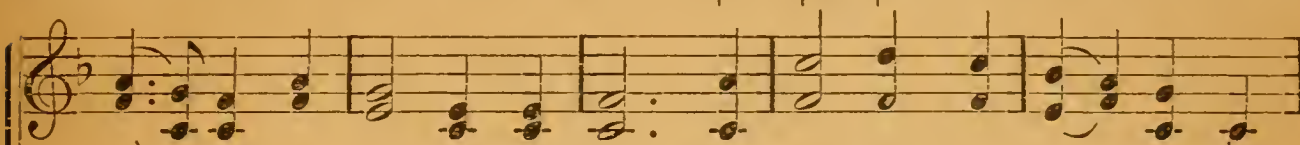
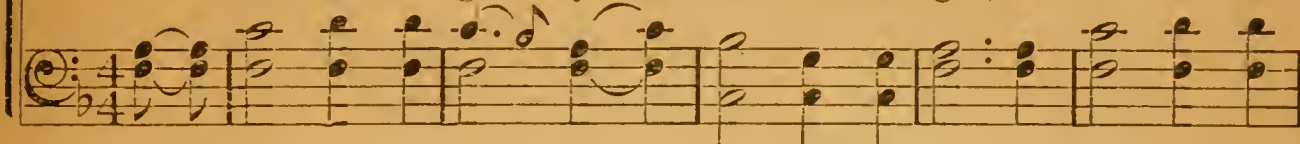
by to-day, Pass - - ing by,..... pass - - ing by,.....  
 Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by.



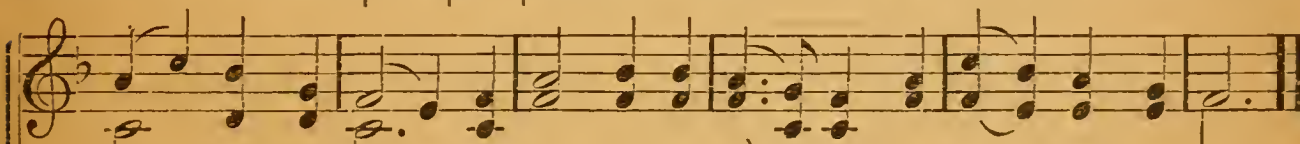
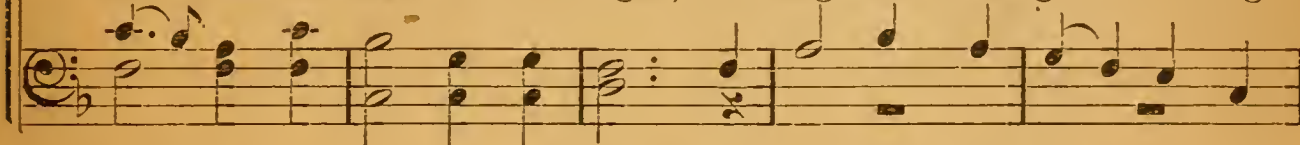




1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

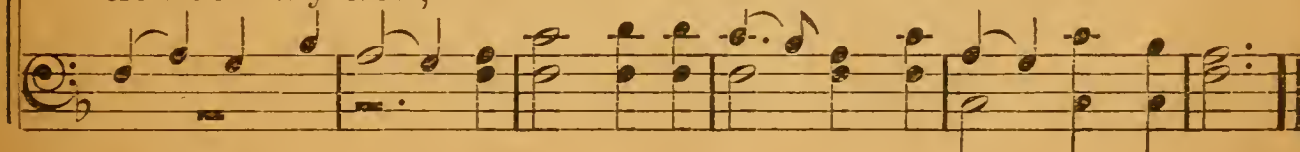


fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the  
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

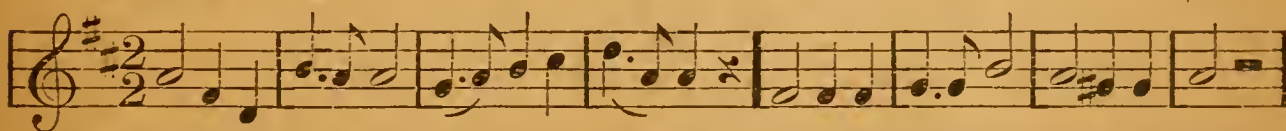


Sav - ior art thou,  
 thorns on thy brow;  
 cold on my brow,  
 crown on my brow;

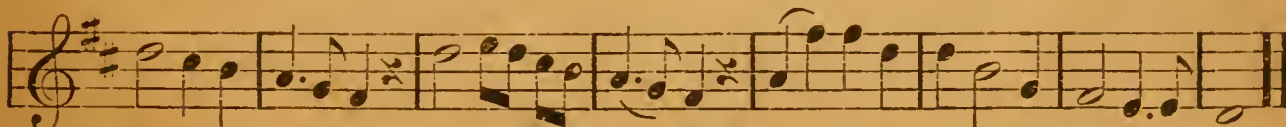
If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



BY PERMISSION.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy - seat, fervently kneel;



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can not heal.

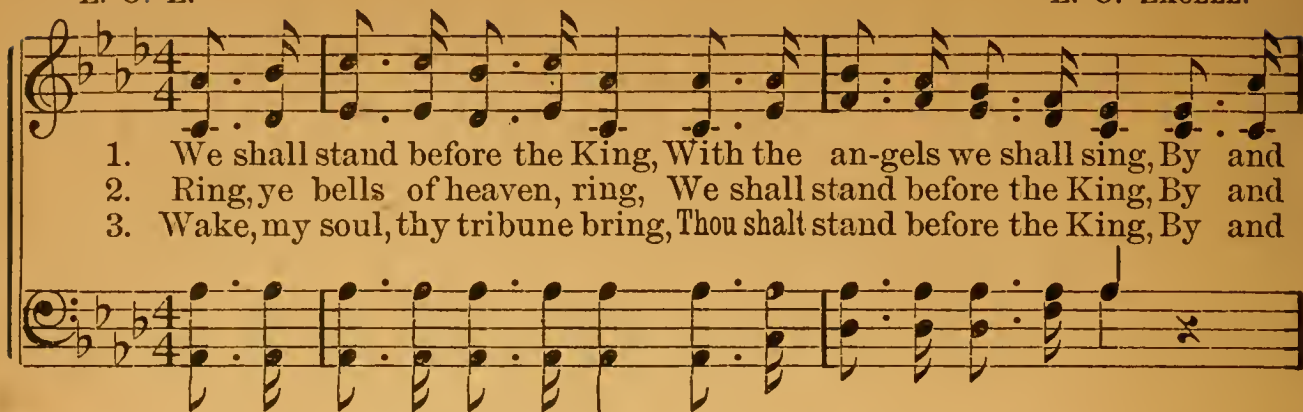
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure."

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above  
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

# 84 WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

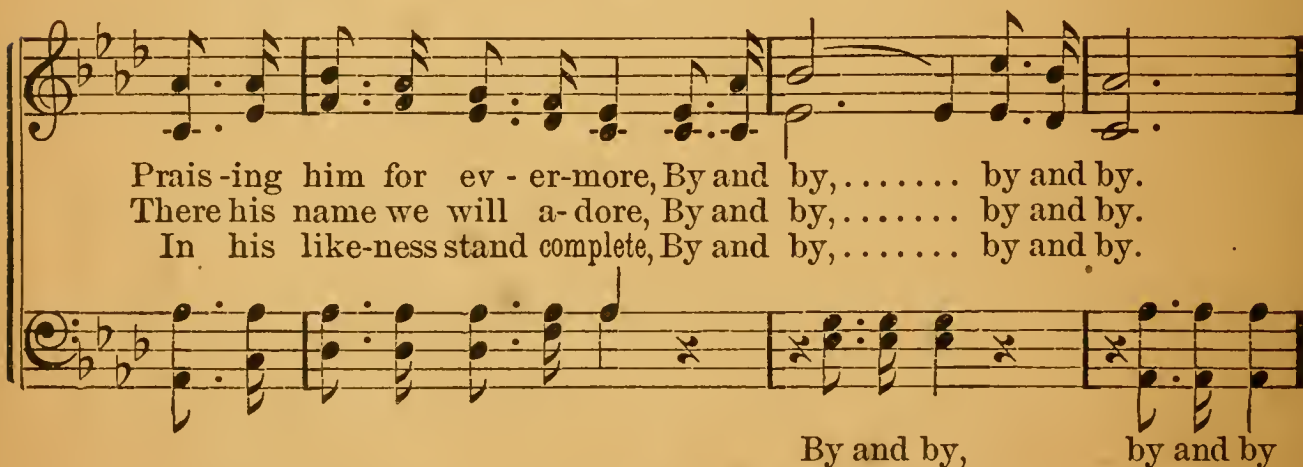


1. We shall stand before the King, With the an-gels we shall sing, By and  
 2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and  
 3. Wake, my soul, thy tribune bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and



by,..... by and by; Walk the bright, the gold-en shore,  
 by,..... by and by; There our sor-rows will be o'er,  
 by,..... by and by; Lay thy tro-phies at his feet,

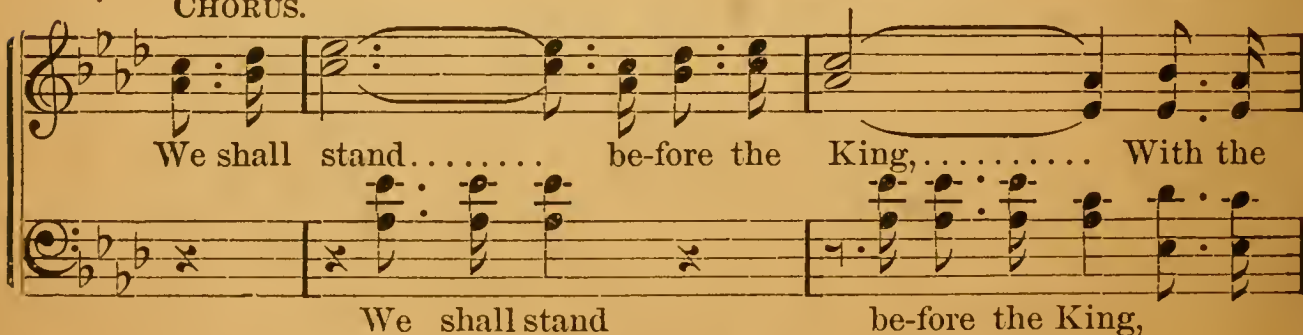
By and by, by and by,



Prais-ing him for ev-er-more, By and by,..... by and by.  
 There his name we will a-dore, By and by,..... by and by.  
 In his like-ness stand complete, By and by,..... by and by.

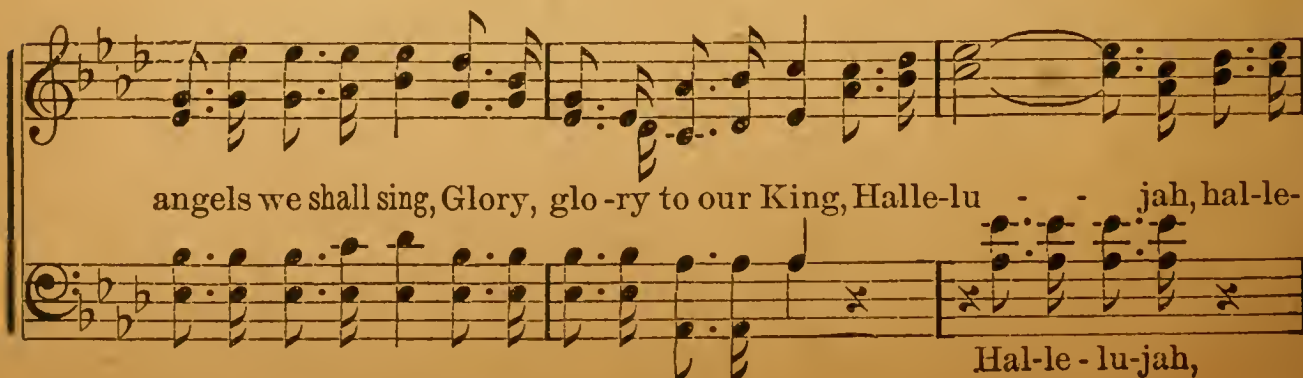
By and by, by and by

## CHORUS.



We shall stand..... be-fore the King,..... With the

We shall stand be-fore the King,



an-gels we shall sing, Glory, glo-ry to our King, Halle-lu - jah, hal-le-

Hal-le - lu-jah,



# WE SHALL STAND. Concluded.

lu - - jah, We shall stand..... be-fore the King.

Hal - le - lu - jah, We shall stand

85

## ALL HAIL THE POWER.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Crown him, crown him! All  
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, Crown him, crown him! Bring

2. { Ye chos - en seed of Is-rael's race, Crown him, crown him! Ye  
Hail him who saves you by his grace, Crown him, crown him! Hail

3. { Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, Crown him, crown him! Let  
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, Crown him, crown him! To

hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;  
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
chos - en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,  
him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.

### CHORUS.

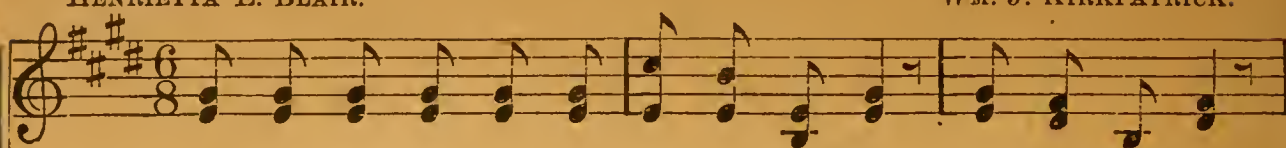
Crown him, crown him, King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

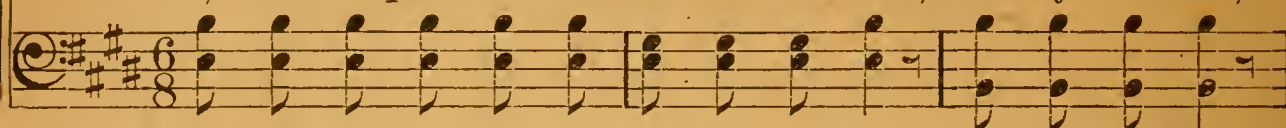
# 86 MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

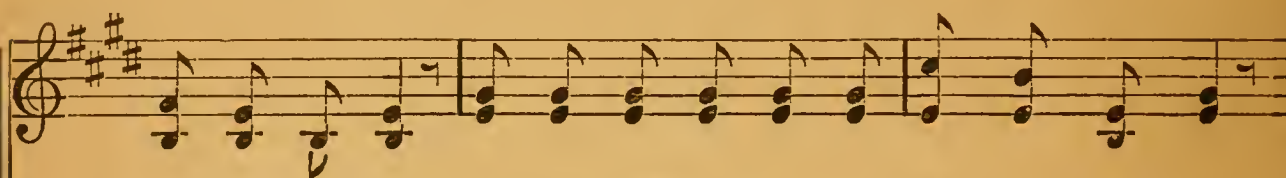
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



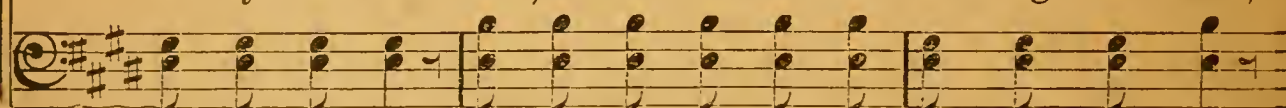
1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of his good-ness, his pa-tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be-leave; Mer - cy is free,



REFRAIN.—Je - sus the Sav - ior, is look - ing for thee, Look - ing for thee,

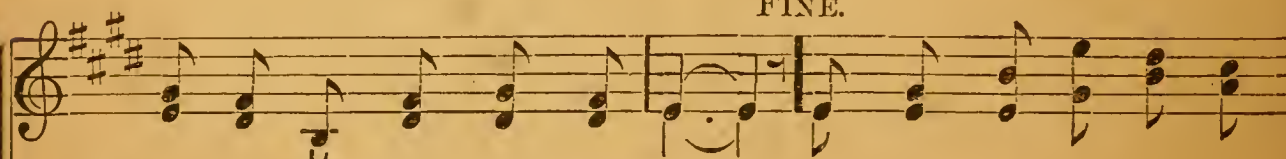


mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,  
mer - cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"  
mer - cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Fa - ther a - bove,  
mer - cy is free: Come, and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive,

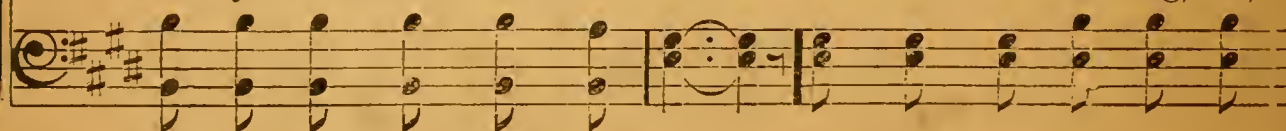


look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly,, ten - der - ly, call - ing for thee,

FINE.



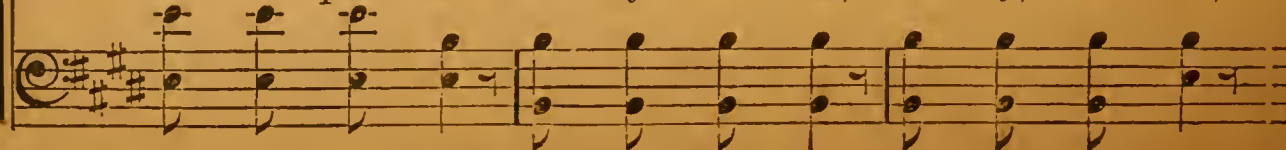
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. If thou art will - ing on  
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Thou art in dark - ness, O,  
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Come and re - pent - ing, O,  
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, O,



Call - ing and look - ing for thee.



him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy, is free;  
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy, is free;  
give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy, is free;  
hear him pro - claim Mer - cy is free, mer - cy, is free;





# MERCY IS BOUNDLESS. Concluded.

D. C. REFRAIN.

Life ev-er-last-ing thy soul may re-ceive, Mercy is boundless and free.  
Je-sus is wait-ing, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.  
Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.  
Cling to his mer-cy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

87

## BLESSED BE THE NAME.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!  
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!  
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glo - ries of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!  
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ear, Blessed be the name of the Lord!  
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

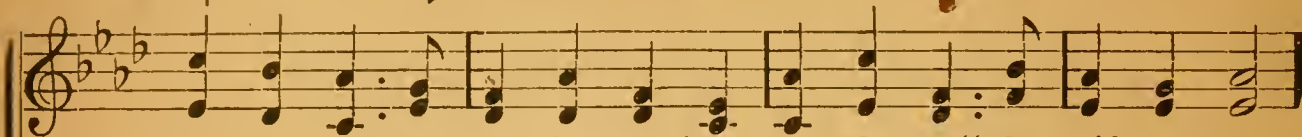
# 90 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

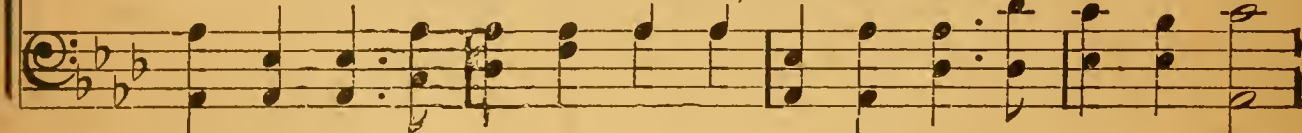
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tissweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;



Just to rest up - on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord,"  
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood  
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace  
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



## REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.



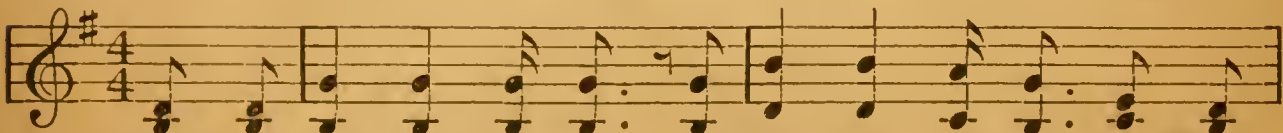
FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH," BY PER.

# 91

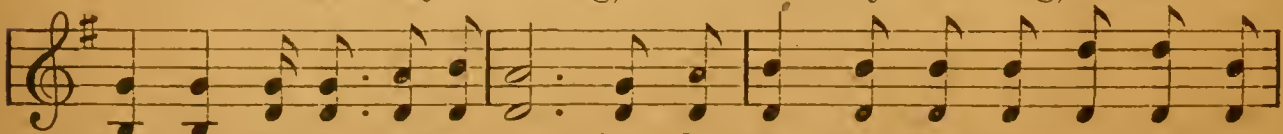
# THE GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a



great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be  
bright day coming by and by, But the brightness shall on - ly come to  
sad day coming by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-



# THE GREAT DAY COMING. Concluded

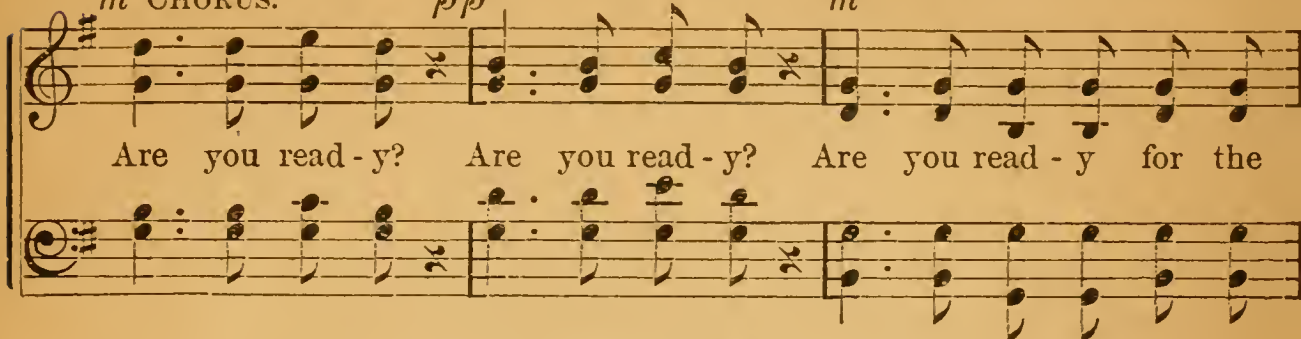


part - ed right and left; Are you read - y for that day to come?  
those who love the Lord; Are you read - y for that day to come?  
part, I know ye not; "Are you read - y for that day to come?"

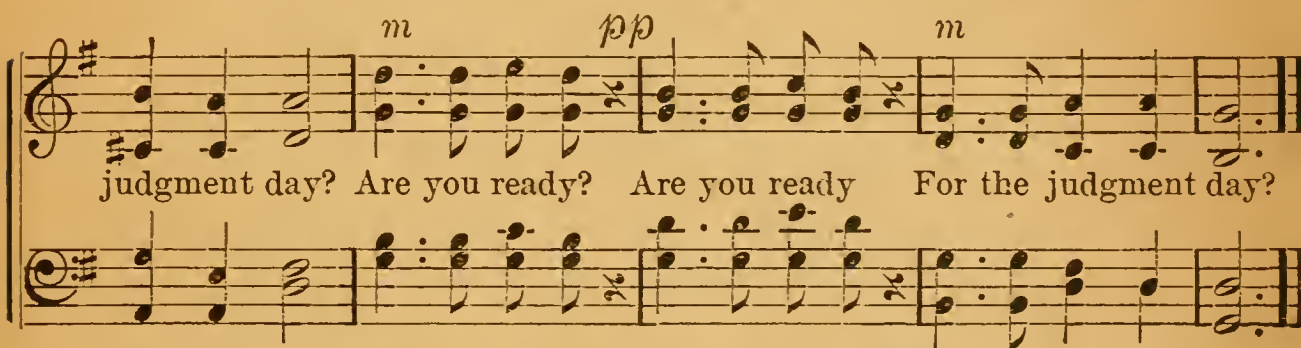
*m* CHORUS.

*pp*

*m*



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the



judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the judgment day?

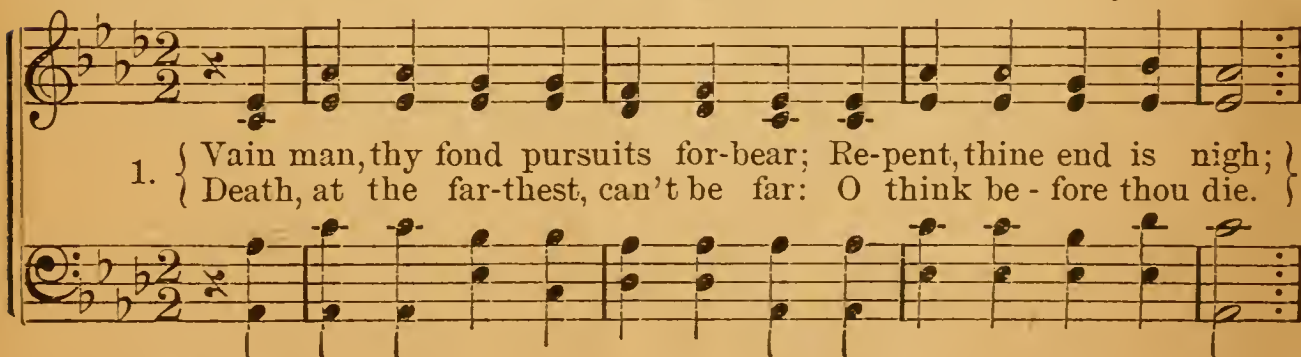
## 92

# WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

J. HART.

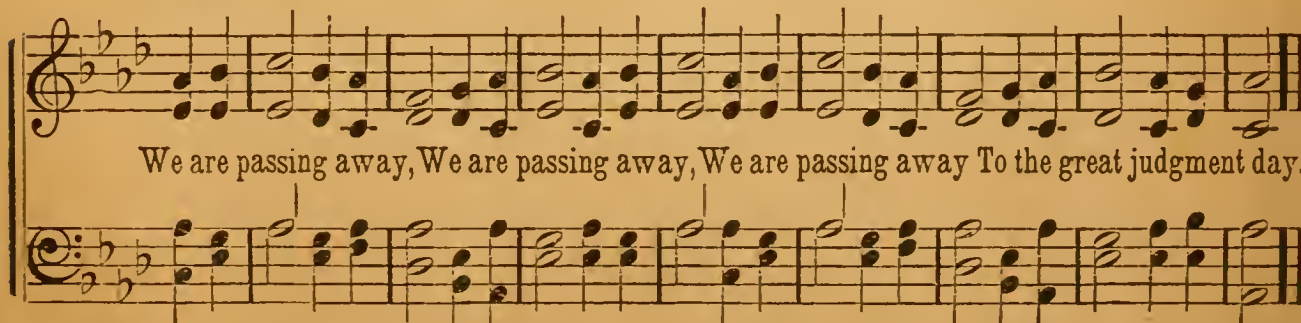
(Common Meter.)

Arr. by W. J. K.



1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh; }  
{ Death, at the far-thest, can't be far: O think be-fore thou die. }

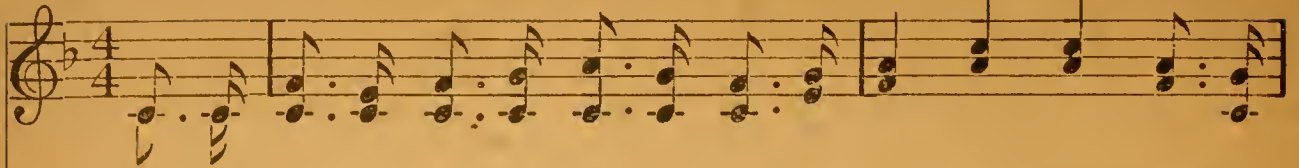
REFRAIN.



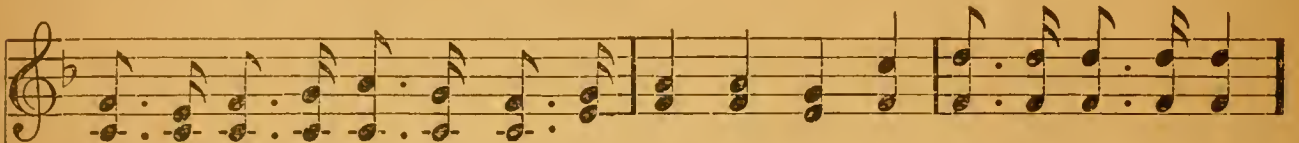
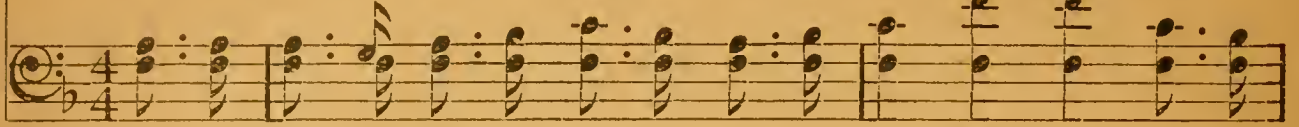
We are passing away, We are passing away, We are passing away To the great judgment day

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;  
Thy sins, how high they mount!  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dark account?  
3 Death enters, and there's no defence,  
His time there's none can tell;

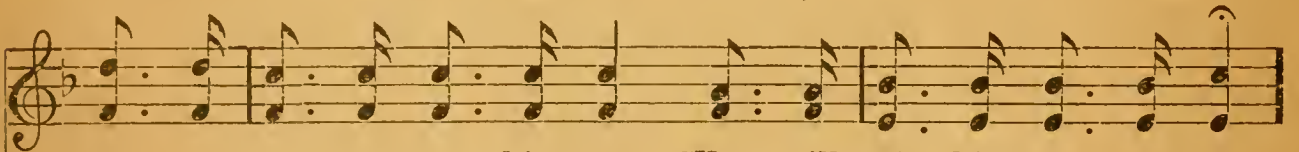
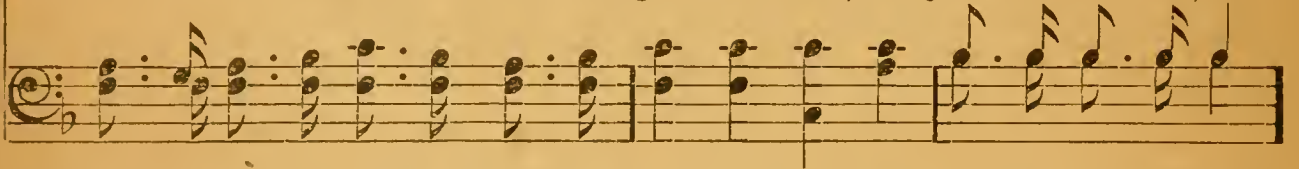
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven, or down to hell.  
4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)  
Shall into dust consume;  
But, ah! destruction ends not there;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.



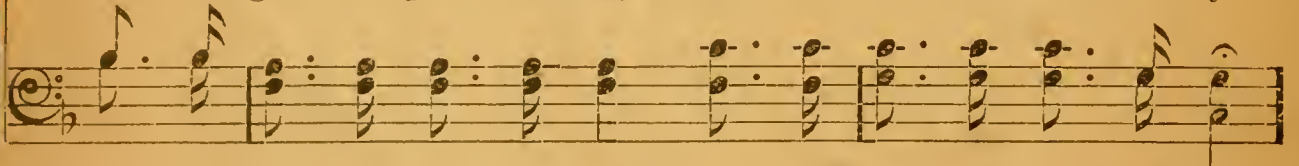
1. What a scene of wondrous glo - ry, When we reach our home, Chanting
2. We shall know no more of tri - al, When we reach our home, Nor of
3. We will meet our pre-cious Sav - ior When we reach our home, Live for-



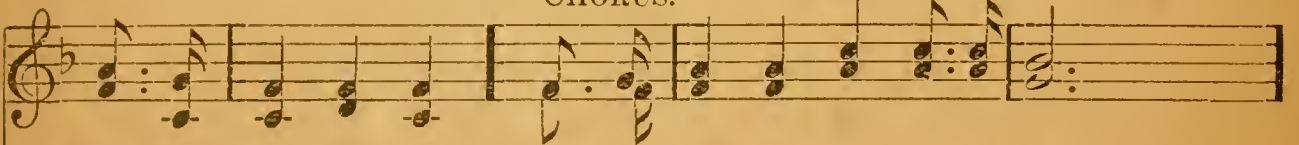
there redemption's sto-ry, 'Neath its gold-en dome! With myr-iads round the throne,  
toil and self - de - ni - al, 'Neath its gold-en dome; In robes of pu - ri - ty,  
ev - er in his fa - vor 'Neath the gold-en dome; Changed to his likeness, we



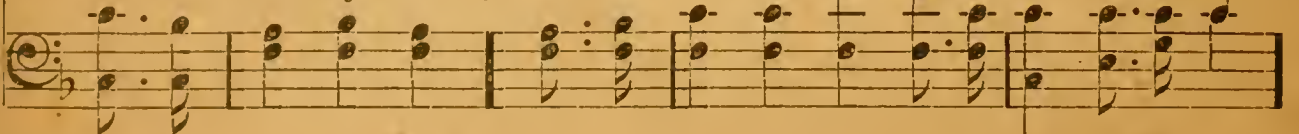
His a-noint - ed and his own, We will make his prais - es known,  
From all sin and sor - row free, Safe with Je - sus we will be  
Shall his glo - rious per - son see, And a - dore him cease-less - ly



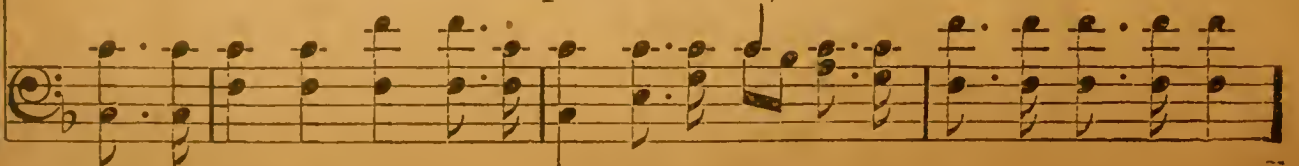
## CHORUS.



When we reach our home. }  
In our heav'n-ly home. } When we reach our home o-ver there, o-ver there,  
In our heav'n-ly home. }



Ne-ver-more to roam from its gates, What a meet-ing that will be  
por-tals so fair,





# WHEN WE REACH OUR HOME. Concluded.

When the Sav-ior we shall see, When we reach our home over there, o-ver there.

This block contains the musical notation for the first part of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

## 102 WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the moments fly,  
2. How joy-ful is the hope that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,  
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok-en In yon-der home so fair,

This block contains the musical notation for the first part of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Yet ev-er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good-by."  
That we, when all earth's toils are end-ed, With thee shall ev-er be.  
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for-ev-er there.

This block contains the musical notation for the second part of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

### CHORUS.

We'll never say good-by in heav'n, We'll nev-er say good-by, (good-by,)

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

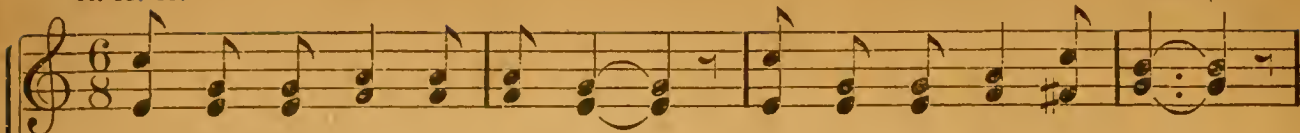
*Repeat Chorus pp.*

For in that land of joy and song We'll nev-er say good-by.

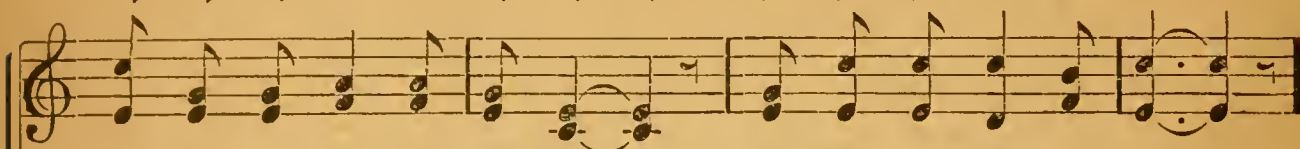
This block contains the musical notation for the final part of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

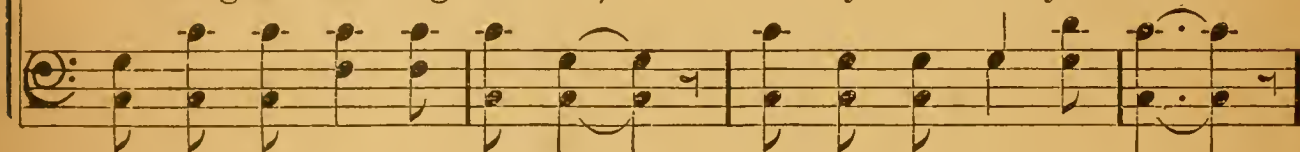


- |                                    |                            |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? | Why do you still de-lay?   |
| 2. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? | Why is your heart so cold? |
| 3. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? | Why still un-rec-on-ciled? |
| 4. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? | Je-sus is ver-y near,      |

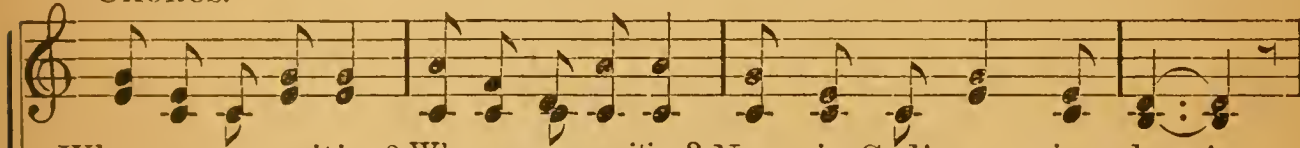


En-ter the door of mer-cy;  
 Why not re-turn, re-pent-ant,  
 This is God's time of mer-cy;  
 Bless-ing and sav-ing oth-ers,

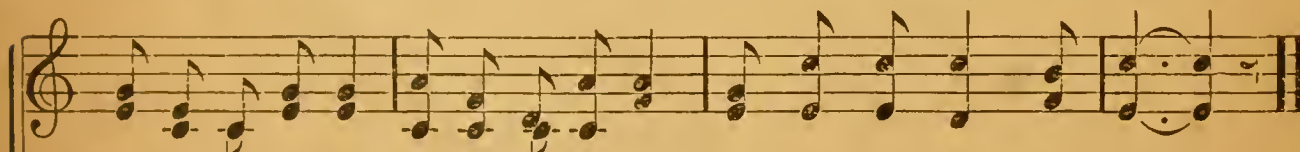
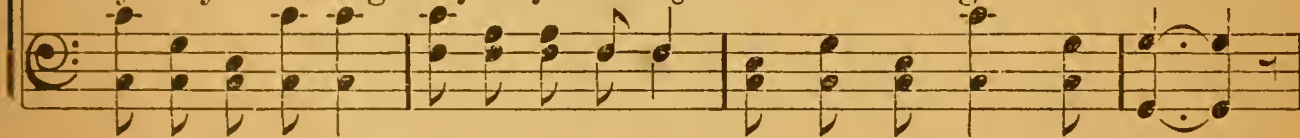
Come, and be saved to-day.  
 In-to the Sav-ior's fold?  
 Trust him, and be his child.  
 Read-y to save you here.



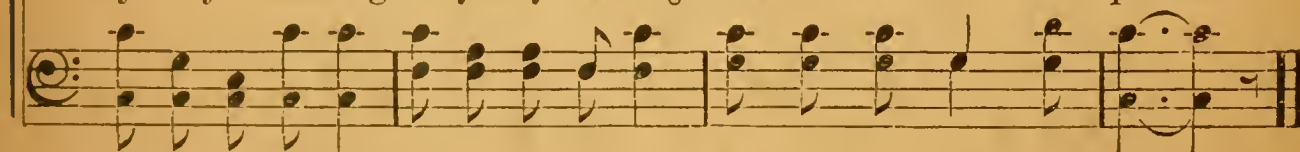
CHORUS.



Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting? Now is God's gra-cious hour!



Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting? Now he will save with power.



BY PERMISSION OF THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

## 104 WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed  
 That thou might'st ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead.  
 ||: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :||  
 What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,  
 My glory-circled throne  
 I left, for earthly night,  
 For wand'rings sad and lone.  
 ||: I left, I left it all for thee,  
 Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
 More than thy tongue can tell,  
 Of bitterest agony,  
 To rescue thee from hell;  
 ||: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :||  
 What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
 Down from my home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love;  
 ||: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :||  
 What hast thou brought to me?



ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, ANTIOCH. C. M.



- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## 106

Tune 107, CORONATION.

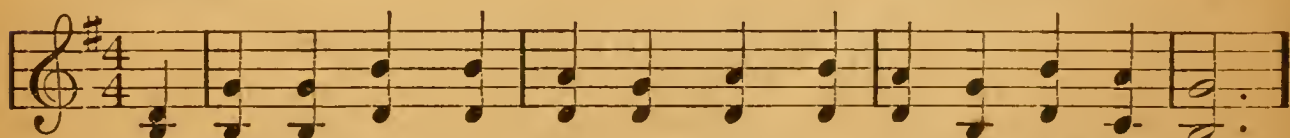
- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of canceled sin.  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

## 107

## ALL HAIL THE POWER.

E. PERRONET.

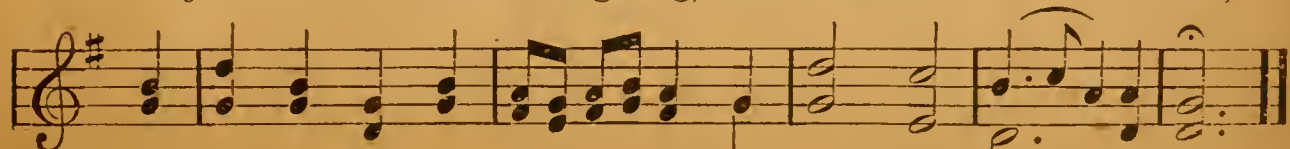
Tune, CORONATION. C. M.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;  
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all;  
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

Mrs. C. J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry  
 2. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
 3. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,  
 dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

rth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

BY PERMISSION.

## A CHARGE TO KEEP.

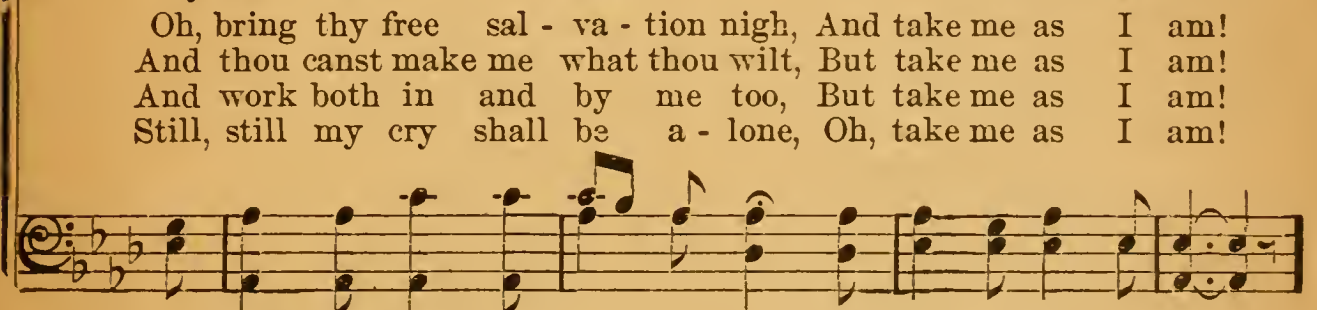
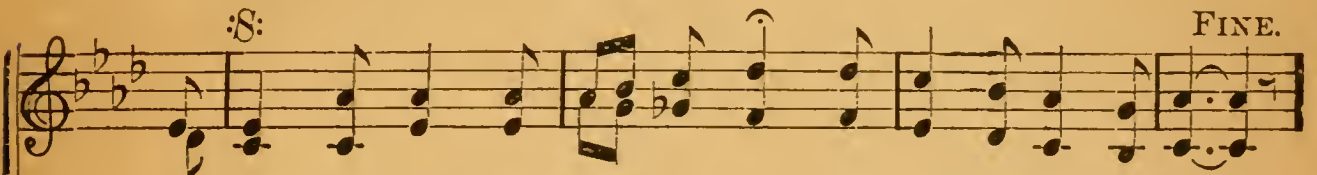
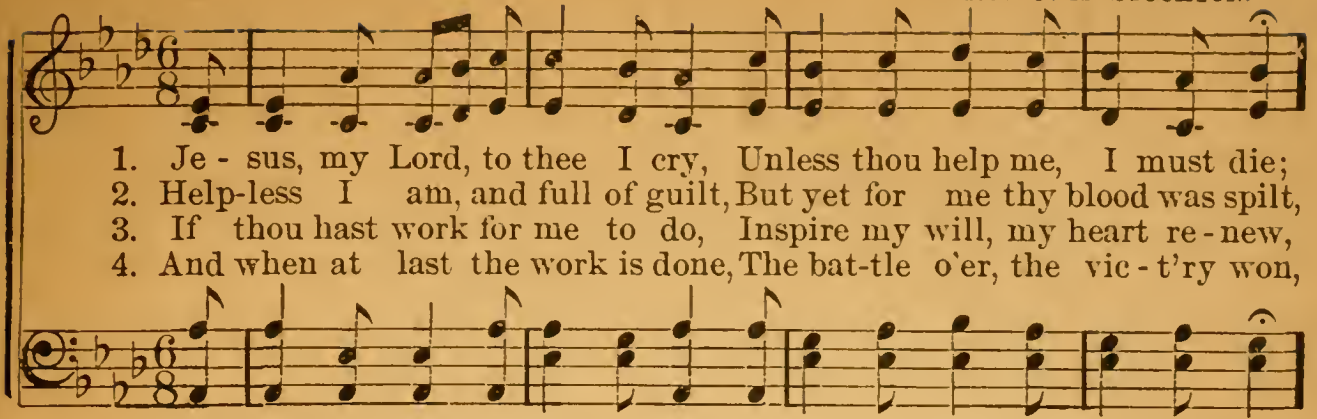
CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune: BOYLSTON. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have;  
A God to glorify:  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil,  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink by dying love compell'd,  
And own the conqueror!
- 3 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.





## REFRAIN.

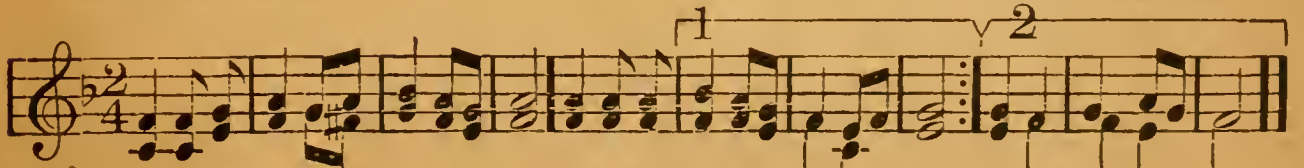
D. S.



COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

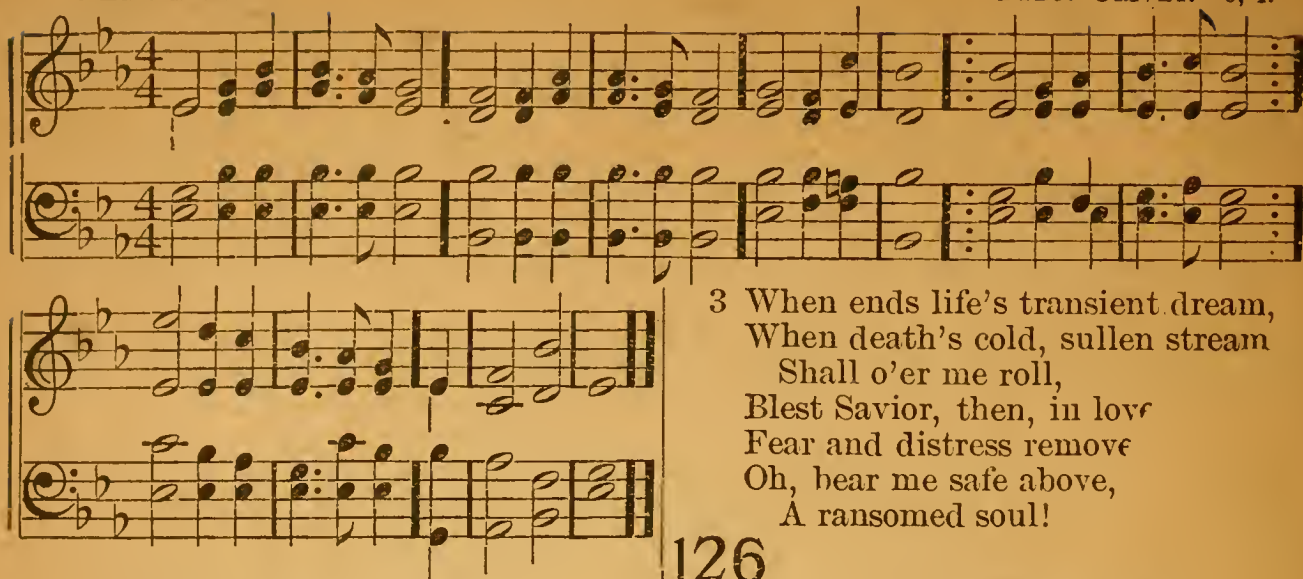
Tune: HAMBURG.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Just as I am without one plea,<br/>         But that thy blood was shed for me,<br/>         And that thou bid'st me come to thee,<br/>         O Lamb of God, I come, I come!</p>   | <p>3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,<br/>         Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,<br/>         Because thy promise I believe;<br/>         O Lamb of God, I come, I come.</p> |
| <p>2 Just as I am, and waiting not<br/>         To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,<br/>         To thee whose blood can cleanse each<br/>         O Lamb of God, I come, I come!</p> | <p>4 Just as I am, thy love unknown,<br/>         Has broken every barrier down;<br/>         Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,<br/>         O Lamb of God, I come!</p>               |

RAY PALMER.

Tune: OLIVET. 6, 4.



- 1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Savior divine,  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my sins away;  
Oh, let me from this day,  
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

- 3 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Savior, then, in love  
Fear and distress remove  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

## 126

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love,  
Shed on us from above  
Thine own bright ray!  
Divinely good thou art;  
Thy sacred gifts impart  
To gladden each heart:  
Oh, come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best;  
Our most delightful Guest,  
With soothing power:  
Rest, which the weary know,  
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,  
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,  
Cheer us this hour!

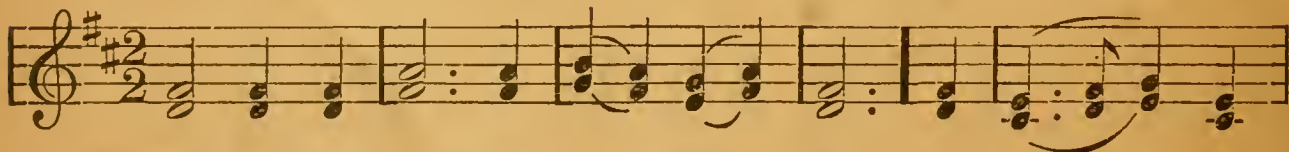
ROBERT II, KING OF FRANCE. Tr. by R. PALMER.

## 127

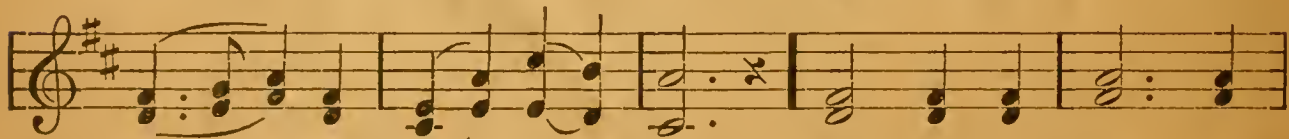
## GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

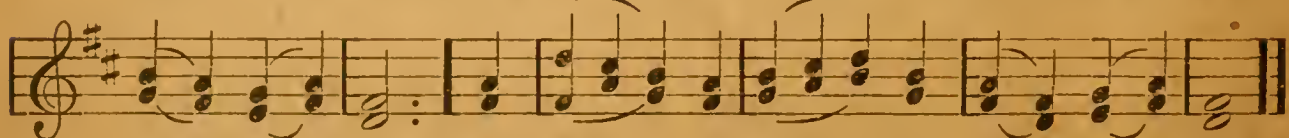
Tune: EUCHARIST. L. M.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the  
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I  
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; }  
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. }  
 2. { For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; }  
 { For my cleansing, this my plea,— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. }

## CHORUS.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;  
 No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 Naught of good that I have done,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus,

4 This is all my hope and peace—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 This is all my righteousness—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY R. LOWRY. USED BY PER

A. TOPLADY.

Tune: TOPLADY. 7.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;  
 D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

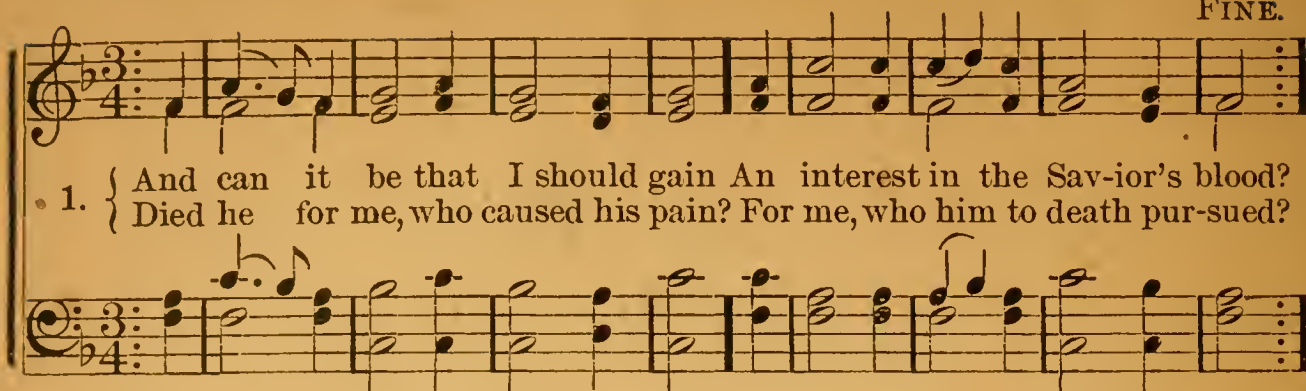
2 Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone:  
 In my hand no price I bring;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me.  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

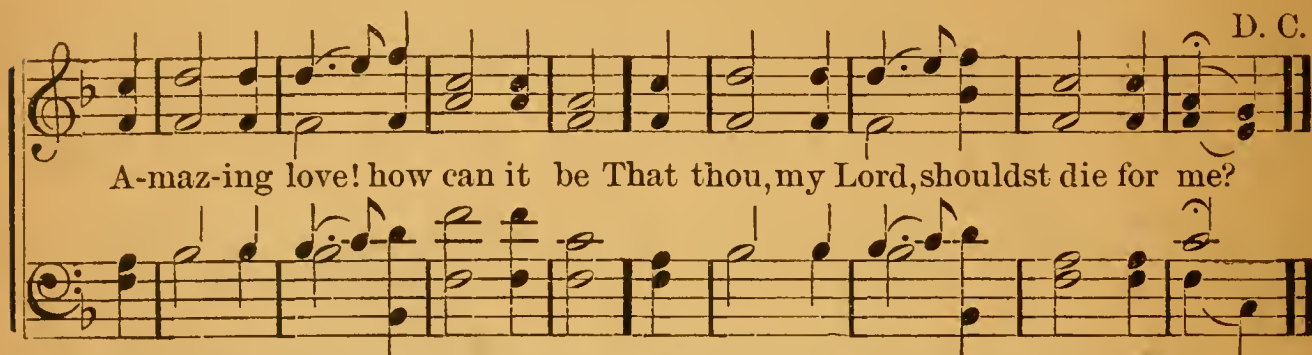
CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune: FILLMORE. L. M.

FINE.



D. C. A - mazing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

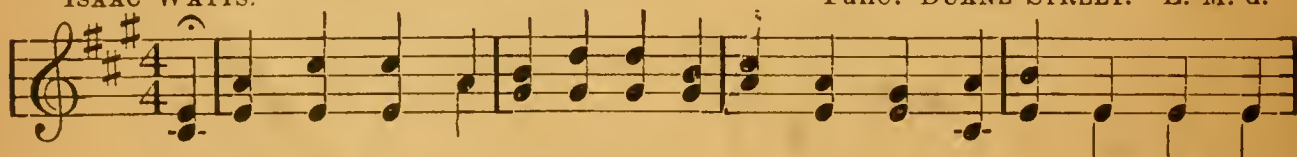


2 He left the Father's throne above,—  
So free, so infinite his grace!—  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!

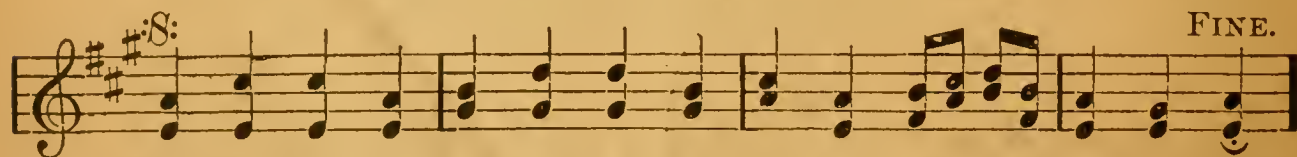
3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune: DUANE STREET. L. M. d.

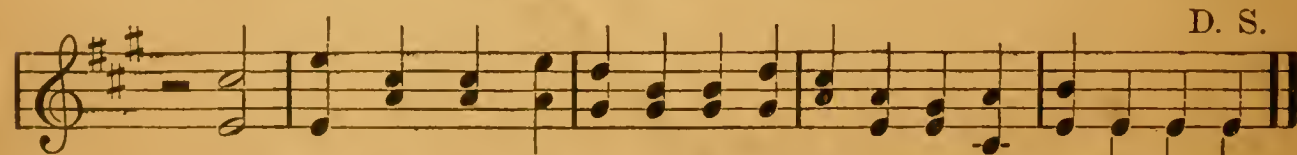


1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A



sol-ern darkness veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground.

D. S. shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of rich - er blood.



Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load; He

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

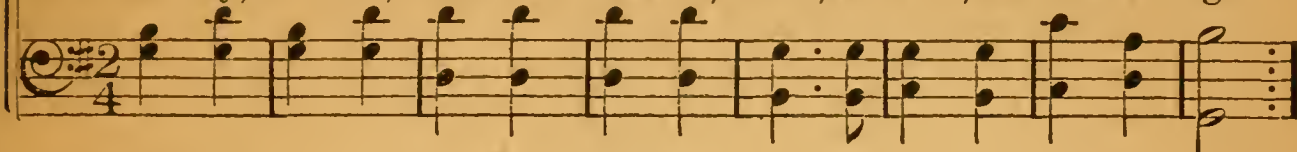
Tune: DUANE ST., No. 131.

Praise God, from whom all blessings  
flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,



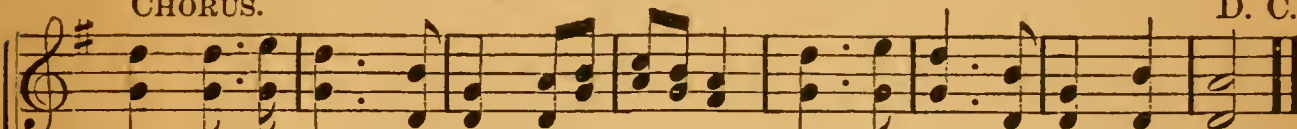


1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }  
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }  
 D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.



## CHORUS.

D. C.



Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;



- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;

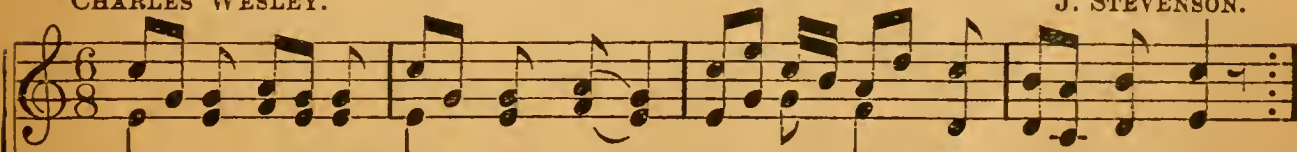
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.

## 134

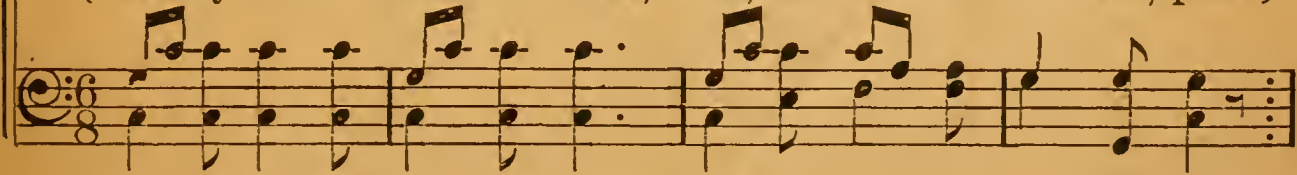
## DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.



1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re - served for me? }  
 { Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? }

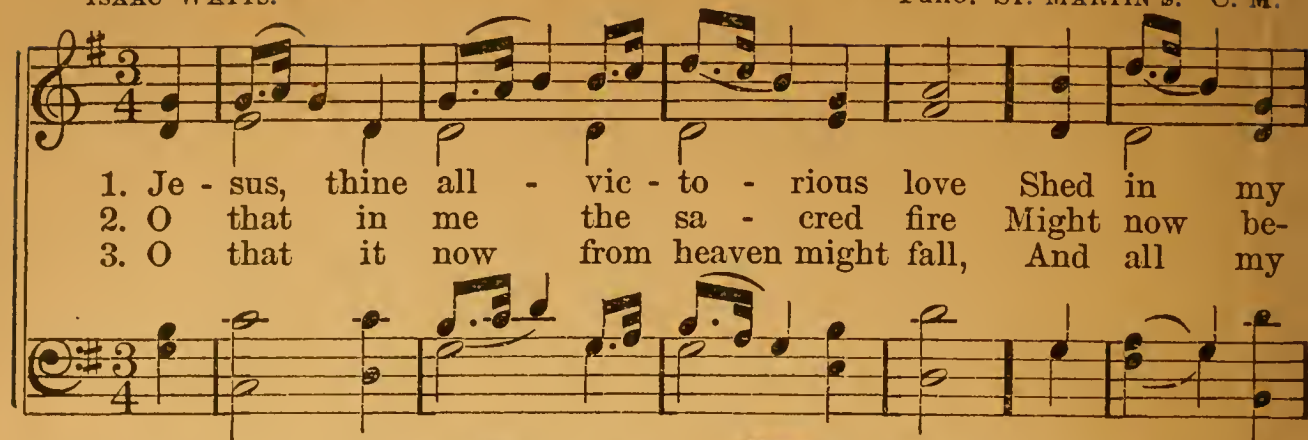
REFRAIN. *Faster.**Smoothly.**Repeat pp.*

- { God is love, I know, I feel; } Je - sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.  
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still; }

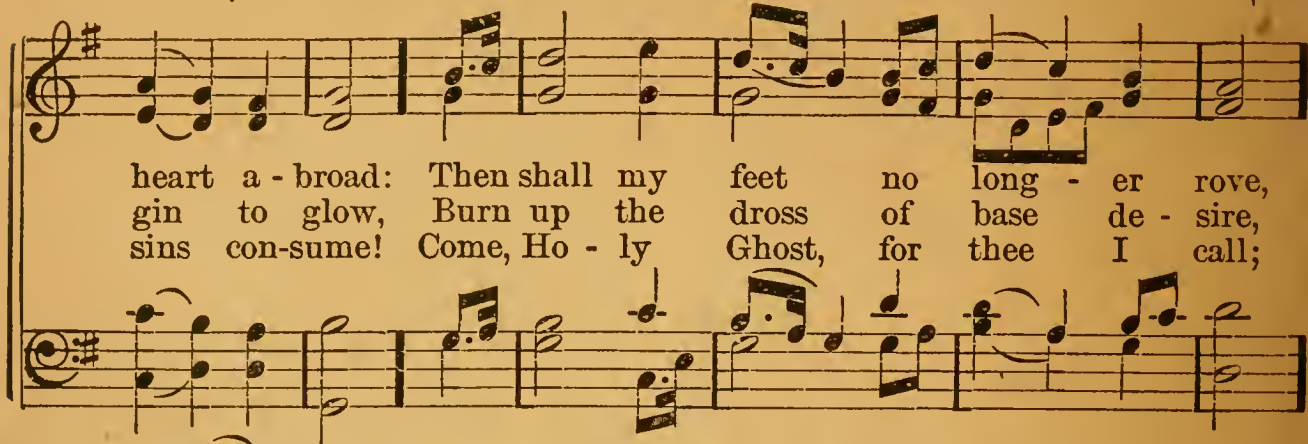


- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not harken to his calls;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls

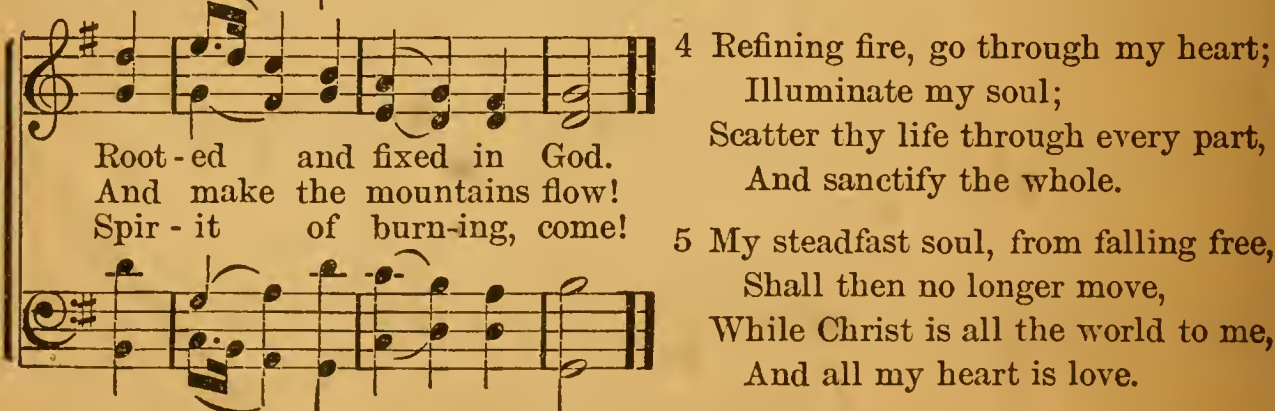
- 3 Now incline me to relent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more



1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my  
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be-  
 3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my



heart a - broad: Then shall my feet no long - er rove,  
 gin to glow, Burn up the dross of base de - sire,  
 sins con - sume! Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call;

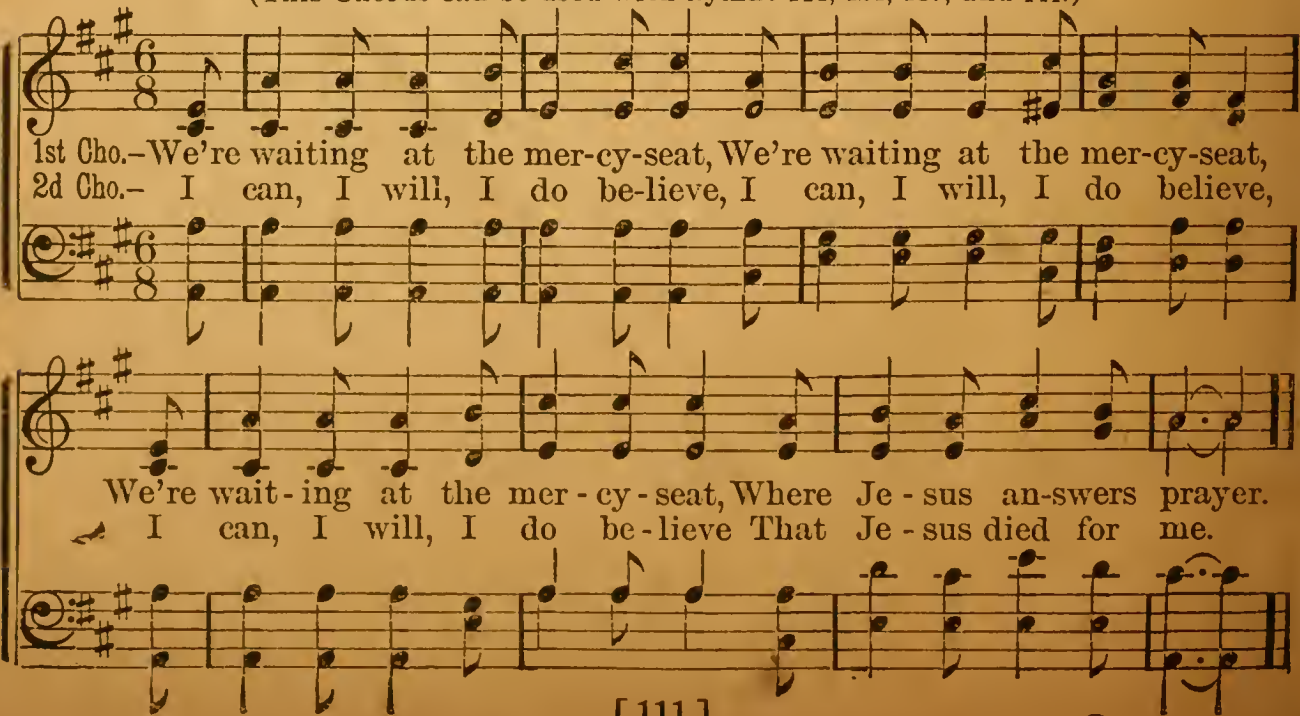


Root - ed and fixed in God.  
 And make the mountains flow!  
 Spir - it of burn - ing, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 Scatter thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
 Shall then no longer move,  
 While Christ is all the world to me,  
 And all my heart is love.

(This Chorus can be used with hymns 114, 124, 137, and 141.)



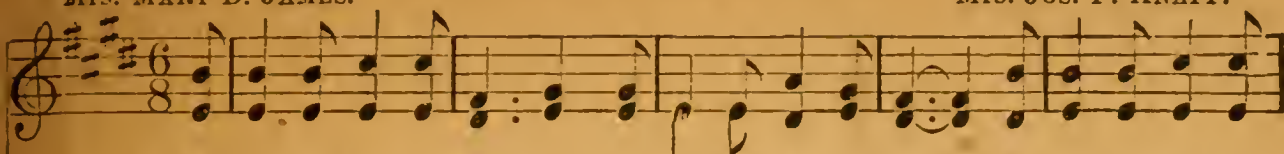
1st Cho. - We're waiting at the mer - cy - seat, We're waiting at the mer - cy - seat,  
 2d Cho. - I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do believe,

We're wait - ing at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer.  
 I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus died for me.

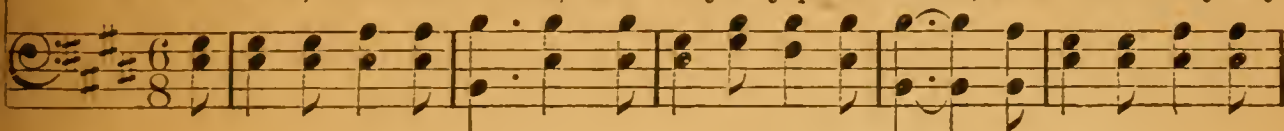


Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

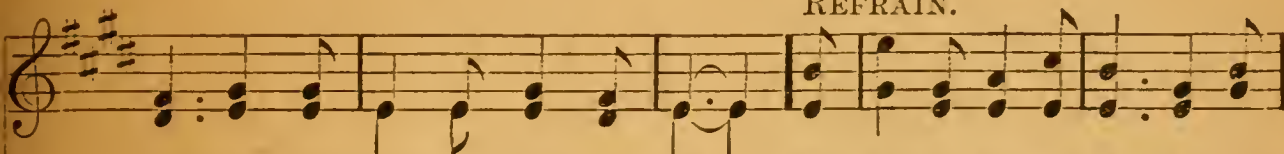
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



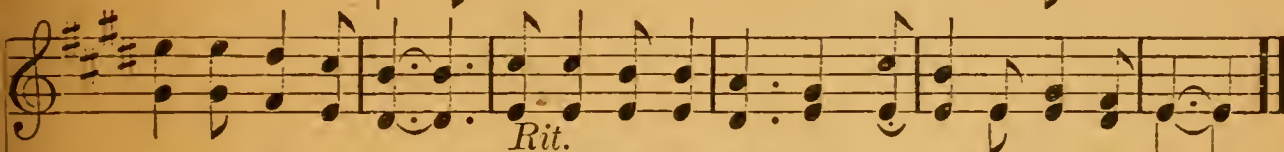
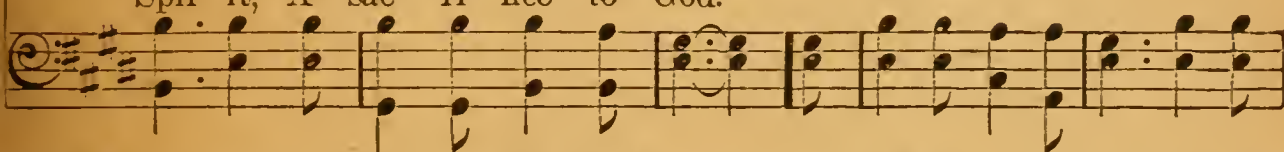
1. My body, soul, and spirit, Je-sus, I give to thee, A con-se-crated
2. O Je-sus, mighty Savior, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy



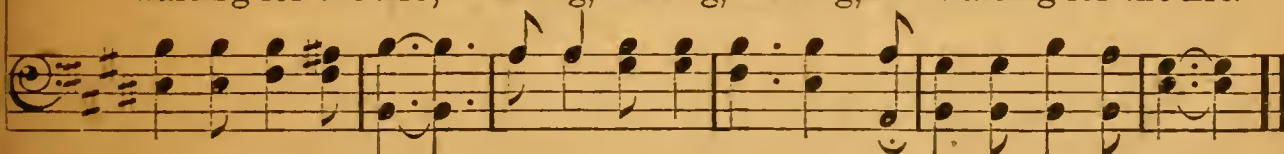
## REFRAIN.



offering, Thine ev-er-more to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm  
va-tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.  
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.  
Spir-it, A sac-ri-fice to God.



*Rit.*  
waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.



FROM "NOTES OF JOY." BY PER.

## 144 He Leadeth Me.

Key, D.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,  
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!  
By his own hand he leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever mummur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see—  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

145 Take the Name of Jesus. Key, A<sub>7</sub>.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;  
Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

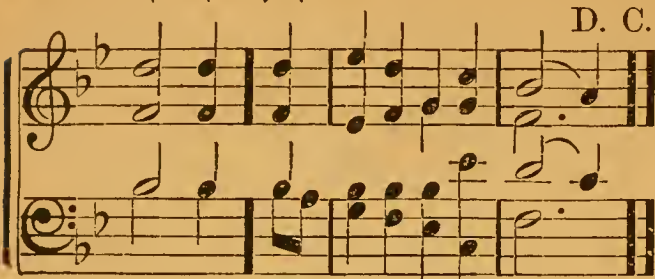
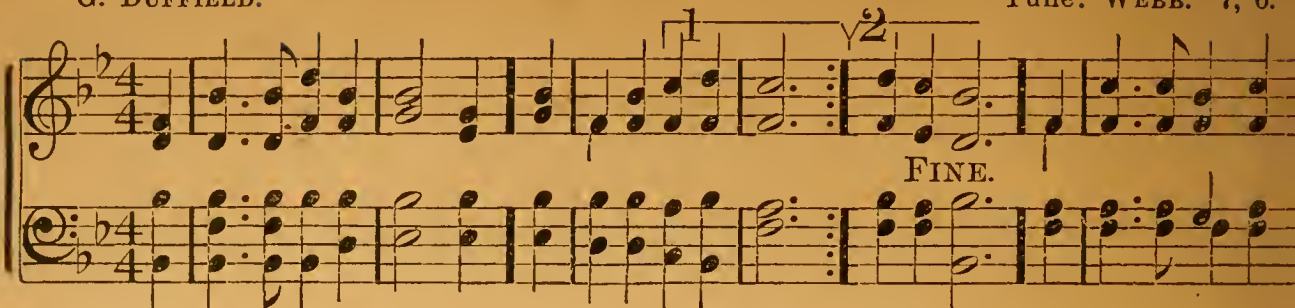
3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When his loving arms receive us,  
And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at his feet,  
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,  
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

G. DUFFIELD.

Tune: WEBB. 7, 6.



- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;

From victory unto victory  
His army shall be lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

## 153 The Morning Light is Breaking.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. SMITH.

## 154 O Youth With Hearts Aspiring.

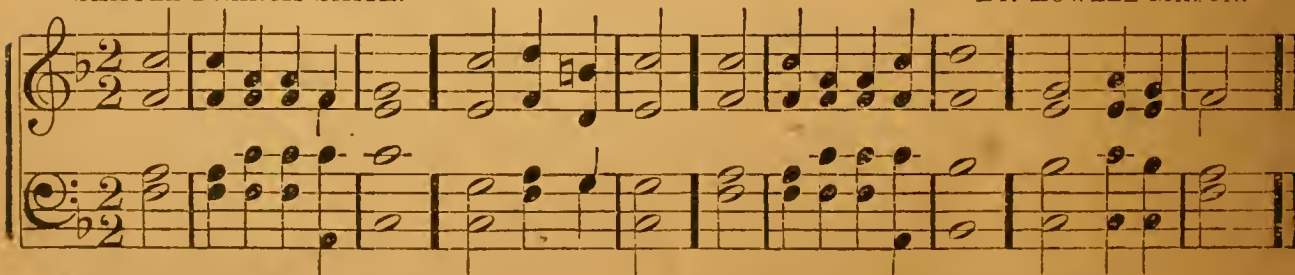
- 1 O youth with hearts aspiring,  
What visions greet your eye!  
What fields for noble conquest!  
What growth and victory!  
How high your heavenly calling—  
The Christ-like life to win,  
The prize of holy manhood,  
The overthrow of sin!
- 2 O youth with hearts aspiring,  
Embrace your heavenly call;  
Your standard is perfection,  
Your Christ the Lord of all.  
Win others to his standard,  
Enlarge the youthful throng,  
Till all the earth, in Jesus,  
Can sing redemption's song.

REV. DWIGHT. M. PRATT.

## 155 TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



- 1 To-day the Savior calls;  
Ye wand'ers, come;  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Savior calls;  
Oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

- 3 To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day;  
Yield to his power,  
Oh, grieve him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.

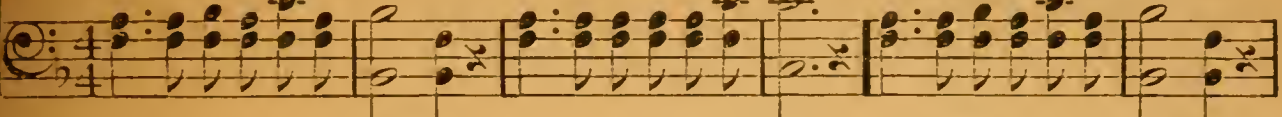


WHAT A FRIEND.

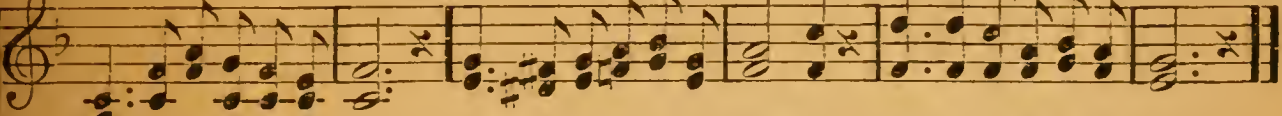
H. BONAR. 8s, 7s. D. C. C. CONVERSE.



1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our griefs and sins to bear! What a privilege to car - ry  
D. S. Al because we do not car - ry



FINE. D. S.



Ev'ry thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!

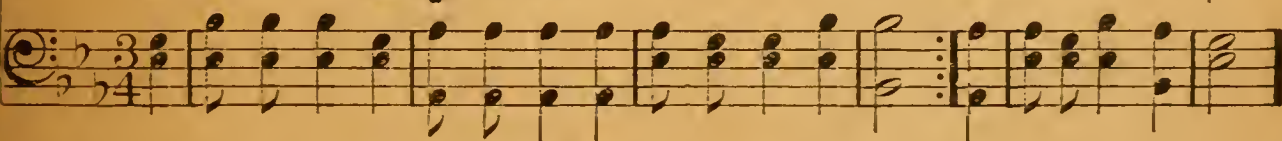
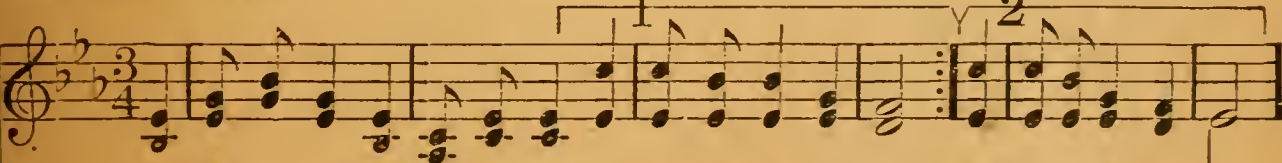


2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.	3 Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Savior, still our refuge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there
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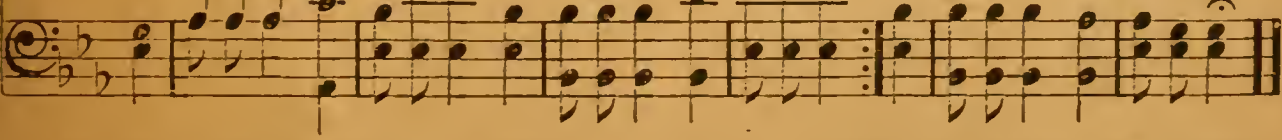
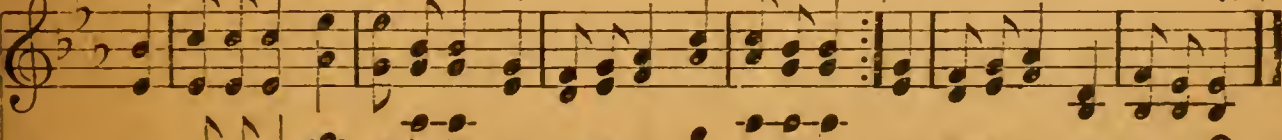
BY PERMISSION.

CLEANSING WAVE.

PHOEBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



CHORUS.



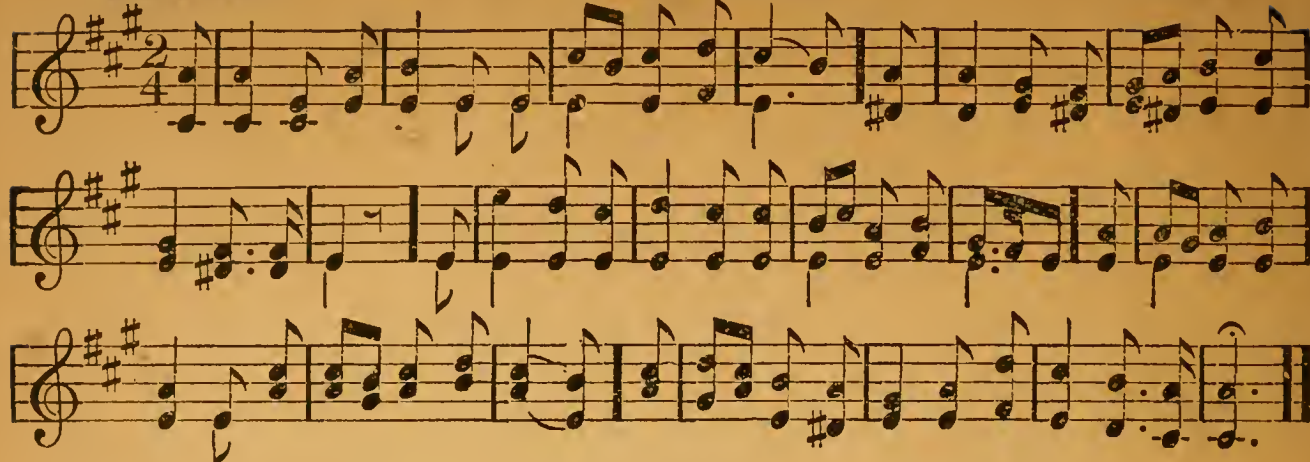
1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide; Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.	2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world of sin, [white, With heart made pure and garments And Christ enthroned within.
CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see, I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me! Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.	3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied; And Jesus, only Jesus, know, My Jesus crucified.

BY PERMISSION.

GEORGE KEITH.

Tune: PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.

What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

I will not—I will not desert to his foes;

That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

## 165

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne,  
Make all my wants and wishes known  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief;  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petitions bear  
To him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

## 166

## Oh, Turn Ye.

Tune above.

1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,

When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, comé,

And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,

To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?

To bear up your spirit, when summoned to die,

Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,

Oh, how can you question if you will believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you not come?

'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

J. HOPKINS.

## 167

## Work, for the Night is Coming.

Key of F.

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the morning hours;

Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;

Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon;

Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

ANNIE L. WALKER.



S. MEDLEY.

Tune: ARIEL. C. H. M.



1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
Oh, could I sound the glories forth  
Which in my Savior shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,  
||: In notes almost divine. :||

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,  
Of sin and wrath divine!

I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all perfect heavenly dress  
||: My soul shall ever shine. :||

3 Well—the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face:

Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
||: Triumphant in his grace. :||

**169 I Believe Jesus Saves.**  
Tune: SWEET BYE AND BYE.  
Key of G.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,  
Rest, such as the purified know;  
My soul is athirst to be blest,  
To be washed and made whiter than  
snow.

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves,  
And his blood washes whiter than snow,  
I believe Jesus saves,  
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,  
My weakness and poverty show;  
I long to be saved evermore,  
To be washed and made whiter than  
snow.

3 To Jesus, I give up my all,  
Every treasure and Idol I know;  
For his fullness of blessing I call,  
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,  
Trusting now his salvation to know;  
And his blood doth so fully atone,  
I am washed and made whiter than  
snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,  
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;  
I am strengthened with might from above  
I am washed and made whiter than  
snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

FROM "SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS." BY PER.

**170 O Beulah Land.**  
Key of G.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,  
And all its riches freely mine,  
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,  
For all my night has pass'd away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore,  
My heav'n, my home, for evermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we;  
He gently leads me by his hand,  
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
As angels with the white-rob'd throng  
Join in the sweet redemption song.

E. P. STITES.

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## A FORERUNNER.

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**T**his abridged edition of 64 advance pages, is a forerunner of the coming completed PENTECOSTAL HYMNS, which will be issued about January 20th. Churches purchasing fifty or more copies of the booklet, will be entitled to a special rebate on an early order for an equal number of the larger book. A sample copy will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. The book will be bound in board covers, and when out will sing its own praises. Be sure that you see it.

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